HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XIX.—No. 982.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1875. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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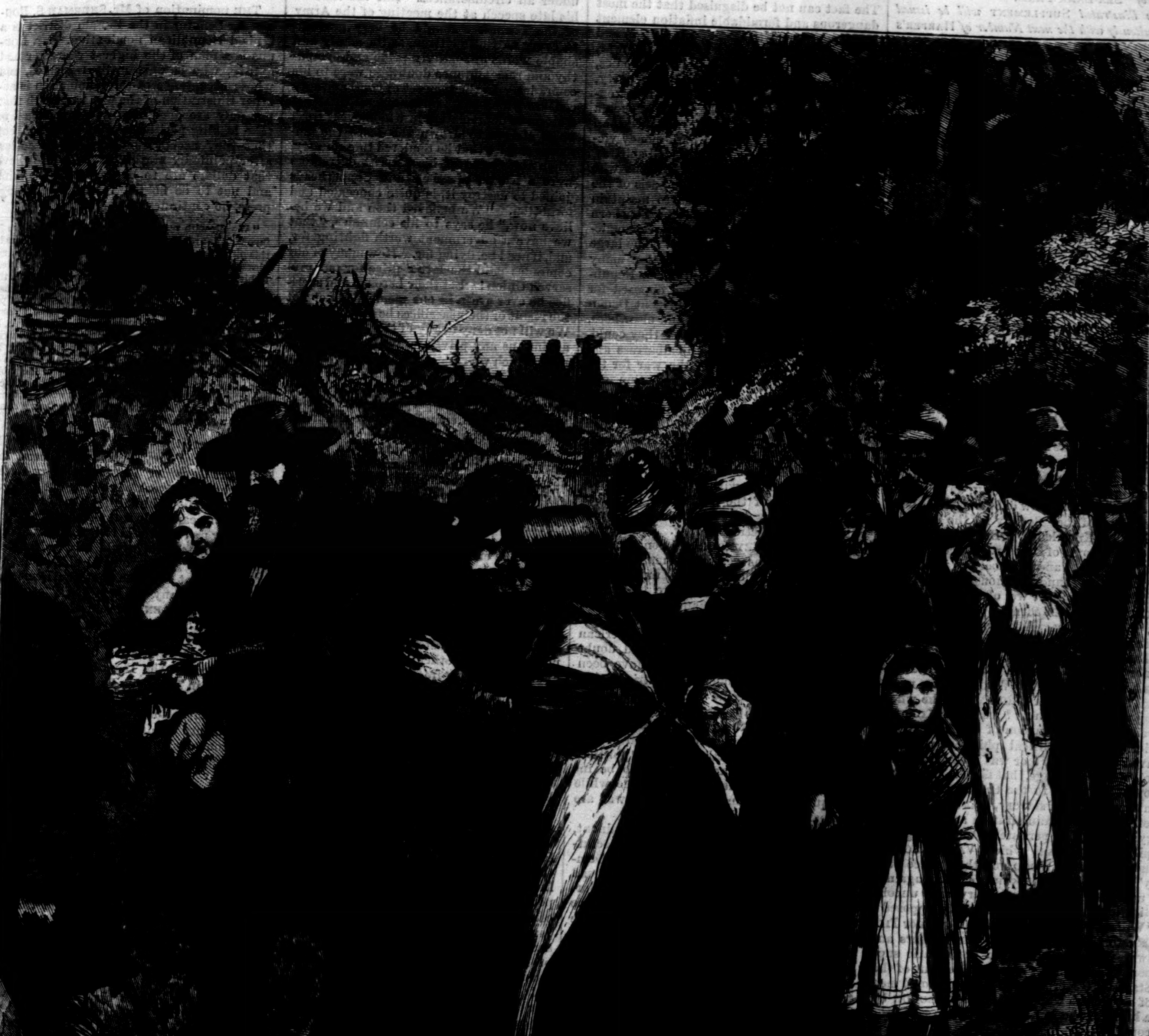

A DUNKER FUNERAL.—[See Page 866.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 23, 1875.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a spirited double-page picture of the*

HORNCASTLE HORSE FAIR,

Sketches of Life in India, and a further installment of "Sea-Bank Farm."

An illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

AFTER THE OHIO ELECTION.

When this paper is issued, the result of the Ohio election will be known. It is one of very great importance, but there have been other elections in that State as significant as this. That of twelve years ago involved the existence of the country, as this concerns its honor, and in both the national safety and character were assailed by the Democratic party. In the most critical hour of the war, when the first instinct of patriotism was heartily to support the government, the Democrats of Ohio selected Vallandigham, the typical Copperhead, who had been sent as an enemy within the enemy's lines, as their candidate for Governor. Mr. S. S. Cox, then as now a Democratic leader, declared that the people of Ohio would bring him home in triumph. Mr. Pugh, late Democratic Senator from Ohio, made a malignant and revolutionary speech, intended to aid and comfort the rebellion; and Mr. Tilden, Mr. George Ticknor Curtis, Mr. Manton Marble, and other Democrats in New York gave Vallandigham and the rebellion all the assistance they could command by reprinting and circulating the speech of Pugh, as they did Hopkins's "Bible View of Slavery," as one of the papers of the "Society for the Diffusion of Political Knowledge." But the effort failed. The people of Ohio pronounced against Vallandigham and his abettors in national ruin by a hundred thousand majority. And the other day, we observe, Governor Tilden said to the farmers of Otsego County, "We" have saved the country. Was it, then, the Tweddle Hall meeting? was it the Albany letter to Mr. Lincoln? was it Governor Seymour's speech before the draft riots? was it Fernando Wood's peace meetings? was it Vallandigham and the whole Copperhead movement? was it Mr. Tilden's society for the diffusion of Copperhead patriotism and political philosophy, which saved the country? or was it saved by that indomitable courage, that faith in Lincoln's honest devotion to the Union, that conscientious hatred of slavery, that mutual trust between the Administration and the country, that lofty, persistent, unquailing, inspiring patriotism, which Vallandigham and Fernando Wood and the "peace party" and Mr. Tilden's society's tracts against "usurpation" and "arbitrary and unconstitutional measures" constantly opposed? "We" saved the country, says Governor Tilden to the farmers. Let the farmers answer whether it was the Democratic supporters of Vallandigham, in and out of the State, for Governor of Ohio, or the loyal men of all parties who elected John Brough by a hundred thousand majority, who saved the country.

As the attack in Ohio upon the national life failed twelve years ago, so, let us hope, the blow aimed at the national honor will miscarry now. Should it be defeated, the result will leave the Republican the party of hard money and the national faith. The course of the campaign has confirmed this tendency. The Republican canvass has been waged upon the hardest-money platform. General Hayes, Judge Taft, General Woodford, General Garfield, Mr. Grosvenor, and Mr. Schurz have ably and eloquently maintained the cause of financial honesty, and Senator Thurman, Governors Hendricks and Allen, General Cary, Mr. Kelley, and Mr. Ewing that of dishonor and disaster. The Republican platform, indeed, was not a simple and emphatic declaration of the true doctrine, but the party has conducted the canvass upon the direct issue. The same result will follow in Pennsylvania, where the Republican platform is evasive, and thus in the three great central States, New York, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, the Republican party will be that of honesty and hard money. This will necessarily lead to party changes. Mr. Kelley, Mr. Cary, and their Republican sympathizers will leave the party and ally themselves with the inflationists, while the hard-money Democrats will see that the Republican is the national hard-money organization.

Should the Democrats succeed in Ohio, we agree with Mr. Schurz and many others that inflation will become the national demand of the party. But as we have before intimated, the success of the party of inflation is very improbable. The same intelligent good sense of the people which defeated Vallandigham and secession in 1863 will defeat Allen and repudiation in 1875. We can not anticipate any other result of the election, and this will leave the Democratic party shattered into fragments. The New York Ring will exultingly proclaim itself to be the party, and the Western and Southern Democrats will plot vengeance against New York and the hard-money wing in their National Convention of next year. The fact can not be disguised that the most dangerous and formidable inflation element in the country, with that of disaffection and discontent with the settlements of the war, will then be contained in the two bodies, each calling itself the Democratic party, and honest and intelligent men must explain why they think either wing of such a party to be more worthy of confidence than the Republican, fresh from hard-money victories, and rapidly renewing its old spirit.

What is the duty of good citizens who earnestly desire to see the true basis of the currency restored, as well as to maintain good order and fair play in the Southern States, and to secure an honest, economical, and efficient administration? The large majority of such citizens have for many years been politically united as the Republican party. They have been opposed for the last twenty years to the present Democratic leaders in this State and elsewhere, who during that time did what they could, without taking up arms, to embarrass and defeat the Government in the war for the Union, and to prevent emancipation and the conferring of equal civil and political rights upon the emancipated class. It is in very large part due to the attitude of men like Governor Tilden, ex-Governor Seymour, and their associates, then as now the leaders of the Democratic party, that the war was prolonged, with a consequent enormous increase of the number of lives lost and of the heavy debt from which the present financial questions spring. If Governor Tilden and Mr. Seymour and Senator Kernan had been as zealous to make all the friends of the Union a hearty unit against the secessionists as they were to declare slavery a blessing and emancipation a curse, and to denounce the administration of Mr. Lincoln as bent upon destroying American liberty, very much of the peril and doubt of the existing situation would have been avoided. It is for honest and patriotic men every where to decide whether the course of these leaders during the awful crisis of our history was that of loyal and single-minded lovers of their country and of free institutions, and whether in new political combinations they are the men to be intrusted with the national guidance while the questions springing from the war are still paramount and controlling.

If a dissolution of parties be imminent, it is not to such leaders, to bitter Democratic partisans at a time when the word Democrat was synonymous with Copperhead and national ruin, that the patriotic purpose of the country will turn. It is to some man of a loftier and nobler renown; some man thoroughly identified with the great purpose from which the Republican party sprang, yet wholly disconnected with every measure which has discredited it; some man true in every fibre to human liberty and equal rights, as well as to the most strictly constitutional, honest, and economical administration of the government; some man of the true genius of the statesman, as superior to mere partisanship as Messrs. Seymour, Kernan, and Tilden have been devoted to party; some man whose name and character and career are the promise and pledge not only of upright and capable administration, but of the profoundest sympathy with every principle for which the war was fought, and to which every man who heartily believed in the war is sincerely faithful—it is to some man of this kind that the heart of the vast and intelligent mass of Americans who supported Lincoln and abhorred Vallandigham and his abettors will turn as their leader in the hour of party dissolution and reconstruction. There are multitudes of Republicans, men who are the strength of the party, but who have been often angry and dissatisfied with the measures and men imposed upon it, who have yet clung to it as the better side of the alternative, and who are now coming rapidly to its control. They do not deny the faults of the Republican policy, they do not excuse Republican official offenders, they do not withhold commendation and support from Democratic efforts at reform. But they believe that the Republican faith and traditions and the general character of the party are a sounder guarantee of good government than those of the Democrats. In a dissolution of parties, therefore, they will not look to the old leaders of the Democrats, but to the best men among themselves, sure that such men are true, as they are true, in heart and soul and purpose, to the fundamental American principle of justice and human rights, of which the Democratic party, under its present leaders, has been always the arrogant or cringing, but ever-consistent, enemy.

THE PRESIDENT'S RECENT SPEECH.

Whether the President speaks or is silent, he is equally unacceptable to those who have made up their minds to cavil at him under all circumstances. But the tone of his late speech at the meeting of the Army of the Tennessee should be very grateful to every patriotic citizen, as its manly and simple words of soldierly pride and sympathy and remembrance doubtless were to his comrades. In the tempest of contemptuous censure which beats upon General Grant—a storm of depreciation in which every fresh voice strives to drown the last—the immense service that he rendered this country, when the crowd of his present detractors were a league of rebels and Copperheads joined to destroy it, is quite concealed and forgotten. "We believed then and we believe now," he says to his comrades, "that we have a government worth fighting for, and, if need be, dying for. How many of our comrades paid the latter price for our preserved Union! Let their heroism and sacrifice be ever green in our memory. Let not the result of their sacrifices be destroyed...... We will not deny to any of those who fought against us any privilege under the government which we claim for ourselves. On the contrary, we welcome all such who come forward in good faith to help build up the waste places, and to perpetuate our institutions against all enemies, as brothers in full interest with us in a common heritage; but we are not prepared to apologize for the part we took in the war." These words seem to us quite as dignified, sincere, and impressive as those of Tammany Hall bawling for reform, and recommending the golden rule. They have the merit of being the words of a brave and loyal soldier who fought the enemy in the field, not of a politician and demagogue who tried to cripple the soldiers and give the enemy the victory.

General Grant proceeded in his speech to say that the next contest would probably be between patriotism and intelligence on the one side, and superstition, ambition, and ignorance on the other; and he went on to exhort fidelity to free thought and speech, to equal rights of every nationality, color, and religion, and to the free school as the security of them all. This, again, is reasonable and very timely; but we learn from sources that were formerly of opinion that Grant was a butcher, and more recently a tyrannical despot and a fool, that it was a desperate attempt to secure a third term, and to affect the Ohio election by dragging religion into politics and foretelling a religious war. The simple truth is that the Roman Church is making a powerful effort throughout the world to resume her old political ascendency. To this end she has a perfect and world-wide organization, and can count upon the superstition of ignorance. In the greatest of European states she is contending to-day with the greatest of European statesmen. In England the most sagacious and sincere of English political leaders with masterly force exposes her designs, and the chief of English poets appeals, in strains that ring like the twang of the English cross-bow, to the old English spirit and valor that smote Rome in England three centuries ago. In this country the hierarchy of that Church has declared open war upon the American free public school, not as injurious to American liberty, but as fatal to Roman ascendency. This hierarchy marshals its adherents, who are largely ignorant and of foreign birth and association, as a voting class; and in Ohio last winter this clerical political power dictated a law to the Legislature of the State, promising its vote at the late election to the party of the majority which passed the law—a promise which was undoubtedly fulfilled. In New York, under the plea of parochial schools, the same clerical power is seeking to pervert the common-school system, to effect its easier overthrow. The attempt is open and resolute. The purpose is frankly announced, and all the resources of the most powerful priesthood in the world are brought into the field. To say that it is a bugbear because it is not yet successful, or to insist that it never can be successful because we are such an enlightened people, is as foolish as to declare that no other evil is possible because we are so exceptionally honest and superior. The way to prevent fires is to put out sparks. Inflation may be a more imminent peril than the subversion of the school system. But it is less vitally threatening, because it has not behind it that complete organization, that relentless purpose, that impersonal persistence, which belong to the Roman hierarchy. Forewarned is fore-armed. When the President says that the security of what the war gained lies in the school free from sectarian control, he is not, under existing circumstances, uttering an inappropriate truism. Neither his comrades who heard the speech, nor intelligent men who read it, are of that opinion, whatever may be thought of it by the organs of a party upon which the enemies of the schools depend.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

The nomination of Mr. Sherman S. Rogers for Senator in the Buffalo district is a typical Republican nomination. Mr. Rogers is a man of the highest character and ability, who is universally respected, and whose acceptance of the nomination is another illustration of the pleasant truth that not only are good men now summoned to take leading positions in public affairs, but that they accept the call. In his letter, after pointedly stating that we all believe that dollars are to be dug from the mine and not to be floated from the printing-press, he continues:

> "We all, with very commendable unanimity, are in favor of that reform in the administration of affairs in this State which is needed, and which it gives me pleasure to say the Governor of this State has initiated, to his credit. But, gentlemen of the Convention, the desire for that reform is not peculiar to the Democratic party, and the ability to reform affairs is not peculiar to that party. I think that Governor Tilden, in the discharge of his duties as Chief Magistrate, in the prosecution of this very commendable reform, can be assisted, and will be assisted, quite as effectively by Republicans as by Democrats. It is the business of every man to commend this awakening of the public conscience which promises a purer state of politics; and the strongest and most energetic efforts, I think, will come from that party of which this Convention is in part a representative."

These are the views of all intelligent Republicans. They heartily commend and support Governor Tilden in every sincere and thorough work of reform, but they certainly do not think that the Governor is any more earnestly interested in such work nor any more devoted to it than Mr. Rogers and men like him would be were they in a position to give it official aid. Moreover, they do not suppose that the Democratic party is in any sense a party of reform. Governor Tilden himself, although an intense partisan, so far as he is bent upon exposing and punishing official delinquencies is not a representative of his party. The real forces of the Democratic organization are seen in Tammany Hall, and they are the forces that prevail in the long-run and in a critical situation. For the present, by his skillful use of his opportunities and by his vigorous onslaught upon the canal thieves, Governor Tilden carries his party with him, for the managers in this part of the country see in him the most hopeful chance of the restoration of the party to national power. But he and his course do not indicate the character of such a restoration. The policy of the party would be determined by the demands of Tammany Hall and the old Southern element, that is to say, of ignorance, sectarian politics, and the planter class. It is often said that Tammany Hall is no worse than the Custom-house, and that the leadership of the one is quite as honest and reputable as that of the other. Without personal comparisons, however, does any man seriously think that the vote in the city of New York upon which Tammany Hall necessarily and always relies is a securer basis of good government than that which opposes it; or that, even assuming a similar relation of the Custom-house to the Republican vote with that of Tammany Hall to the Democratic, it is possible to manage it as the other vote is managed? The Republican vote every where and always is more independent than the Democratic.

Mr. Rogers says that the strongest and most energetic efforts for reform will come from the Republican party. This is a truth founded upon the general character of those who compose it. If, indeed, they have often permitted abuses by not promptly discarding and discrediting those who committed them, they are now paying the penalty by finding how sharp a struggle they have before them to maintain their ascendency. But they show their aroused and resolute spirit to call to their head the men who really represent their purpose—men not known as partisans, but as representatives of the reserved Republican capital of character and intelligence upon which politicians have traded. In this view the vote for Mr. Charles Francis Adams in the Massachusetts Republican Convention was most significant, for it was a wholly spontaneous expression; and had there been a little more time and the chance of some orator upon the floor able to give voice to the deep conviction which inspired the movement, his nomination might have been secured. It is that conviction which is rapidly mastering the party, which has been shown in the Ohio Republican canvass, in the presentation of Mr. Adams's name, in the independence of the New York Convention, in nominations like that of Mr. Rogers. It is not universal, indeed, as the course of some Republican papers and the resolutions of some Republican conventions illustrate. But the profound conviction that it is not necessary to look for reform and honest government to the party leaders who denounced and embarrassed the war, the Republican consciousness that it has the will and the power to do all that good citizens most earnestly desire, is the happy augury of Republican renewal and triumph.

POLITICAL HEDGING.

The New York Democratic Convention made so sonorous and vehement a declaration upon the subject of hard money that it was supposed there could be no question that the faithful would cling to it through every fortune. If the Ohio and Pennsylvania Democracy chose to go after false gods, that of New York would stand fast in the old ways; and if New York could not carry the National Convention next year, it would raise an independent banner, or combine with all other friends of sound financial principles. This was the manifesto. The virtue was demonstrative and extreme. But those who remembered that the same Democratic party, under the leaders of to-day, declared the unsoundest and most dishonorable financial doctrines in 1868, and placed one of the present leaders upon its platform, and that in 1872 the same leaders, hoping to gain the government by a trick, selected a life-long and sincere opponent of what they call their principles as their candidate, did not doubt, nor do they doubt now, that many of those leaders and the masses of the party would support inflation in 1876 as they did repudiation in 1868, and hurra for Bill Allen as loudly next year as they shouted for Horace Greeley in 1872.

This disposition is evident enough already. Senator Thurman, of Ohio, is one of the ablest men of his party, and one of the stanchest friends of hard money. He knew, also, that his enemies in his own party were plotting his defeat. But the completeness of his political ruin must touch even "Wash M'Lean" and Mr. Pendleton with pity. For Mr. Thurman, instead of defying them, denouncing their rag-money scheme, and appealing to his party and the country, weakly shuffled and evaded, and showed that his idolatry of party was such that he was ready to desert his own principles to secure a party success upon principles that he thought fatal to the public welfare. What Mr. Thurman has done, and to his own political destruction, the mass of his party would certainly do. Then there is Mr. Cox, of New York, who hopes to be the Speaker of the House of Representatives. But he is uncertain whether his party is to be an inflation party or not, so during all the Ohio campaign he has been silent, except at its very opening, when he made a speech without condemning the dangerous doctrines of the platform. Like Mr. Thurman, instead of stoutly struggling that his party shall be right upon the question, he fears to take a side, lest it should prove to be the weaker one, and furnishes another illustration of the fact that even hard-money leaders of the Democratic party see that the platform is very likely to be a "soft" one, and, if it prove to be so, will cheerfully find it quite hard enough.

But now in the very midst of the New York campaign, when we are loudly informed that the Democracy of New York is the only hope and last refuge of hard money, the leading Democratic paper of the State, the Albany *Argus*, at the very moment when a hard-money victory in Ohio seemed to be assured, betrays the hollowness of the party pretension. The *Argus* says—not that its party is and always has been and always shall be the party of good faith and a sound currency, and that all patriotic Democrats should leave it if the inflationists should get control, but—

> "the National Convention of 1876 will maintain the primitive Democratic faith; or if it does not, the duty to be imposed upon electors in *that* struggle will be decided in *that* hour, not in this."

This is an unequivocal declaration that the National Democratic Convention of next year may very possibly pronounce for rag money. In "*that* hour" repudiation as in 1868, or bald stultification as in 1872, may be thought necessary for party salvation, and the faithful will conform.

Such facts show the impudence of the Democratic claim that it is the party of a sound financial policy, and the expectation—or at least doubt—of its shrewdest chiefs that whether inflation be defeated in Ohio or not, it may be made the platform of 1876. Nor should this be surprising. The same party leaders who in 1860 struggled to make slavery supreme; who from 1861 to 1865 sought in every crafty and plausible way to obstruct the war for national union; who in 1868 would have violated the national honor; who in 1872 renounced all their principles by the nomination of a consistent and sincere opponent—the same leaders, still directing the party policy, would certainly not find it difficult to do less than any of these things in order to secure party success. And whatever they do would be done, now as then, solely in the interest of the party, not of the country.

NEXT YEAR.

The Chicago *Tribune* says that the New York Democrats

> "but proclaim the purpose, which is much stronger in the Republican party than in the Democratic, to vote for honest money in their own party if they can, but if not in their own party, then in whatever party that is pledged to carry out that policy. Shall this element of the Democracy vote with the Republican party next year?"

That will depend upon the significance of the candidate whom the Republicans nominate. If party lines are strictly followed, the dissenting Democrats would not adhere to the Republican nomination. But if it were evident that the hard-money and reform Republicans understood that changed circumstances demanded a changed policy, Democrats of the same kind would certainly sustain the new candidate. Every honest hard-money man who sees that both the old parties are tainted with the plague of inflation also sees that the present condition of parties tends to changes in which reconstruction will take place around some man of loyal Republican antecedents, yet free from Republican objections. This is the inevitable logic of the situation. It is unfortunate that the Massachusetts Republicans did not see this. Had they reflected that a party is national, and that its State action necessarily affects the organization in the whole country, and had they observed that the game of the shrewder Democratic leaders is to make its New York attitude stand for the position of the whole party, they would have seen that they had an opportunity which does not often fall to a convention. Their platform is admirable, but no words could meet the emergency. Nothing but the nomination of a candidate who is so thoroughly known that the significance of his selection would have been universally evident could have done the work. Such a nomination would have been conclusive proof of the thorough regeneration of the party, even where General Butler had been lately a leader. It would have led to the downfall of the Democratic hopes by the immediate withdrawal of General Bartlett, who is the strength of the Democratic ticket. It would have restored Mr. Adams to party relations and Massachusetts to her old leadership, and she would have gone into the Convention of next year with her old rightful ascendency, presenting a candidate whom the most patriotic intelligence of the country to-day instinctively feels ought to be President of the United States.

So great and so plain a chance in national politics was seldom lost. As we said last week, it has made the Republican contest of next year harder, but that is all. It may be said, indeed, in a certain sense, that if the party had been capable of nominating such a candidate, it would not have been necessary. But this is an epigram that must not be taken too literally. Politics proceeds by organization and care of many kinds; and because a spontaneous movement without any organization or arrangement whatever does not at once overpower pledges and prejudices and combinations and intrigues among a thousand men, it is unfair to conclude that it is necessarily futile under all circumstances. It is significant of the real feeling of the Republicans of Massachusetts that Mr. Adams received a quarter of the votes in the Convention. That he was not nominated against the drill and management of shrewd politicians shows only the necessity of organization.

The Republican conviction which gave Mr. Adams that vote, largely from the western and rural portion of the State, is the conviction which will answer the question of the Chicago *Tribune*. It becomes stronger and deeper every day. It is the determination that the centennial year shall show the American government to the world as every patriotic American would have it, with its chief representative a large-minded and well-trained statesman, recalling in his character and career and personality a political independence and lofty dignity like that of Washington.

A HERO OF THE OHIO FIGHT.

The Republicans of New York and all honest friends of sound financial principles owe a great debt of gratitude to Mr. Stewart L. Woodford, who went to Ohio at the request of the Republican committee, and gave the canvass a tone of courage and manly directness which has placed the Republican party upon the just ground where it belongs. Mr. Woodford at once commanded the attention of the State, and passing rapidly from point to point, and speaking almost daily, he presented the true financial doctrine so earnestly, simply, and eloquently that every hearer could comprehend his words and feel their point and truth. If the election shall be carried by the Republicans, as every patriotic citizen in the State and out of it heartily wishes, the happy result will be largely due to the noble efforts of Mr. Woodford.

PERSONAL.

President M'Cosh has become every inch a citizen. At the recent re-opening of Princeton College he remarked: "Physiologists tell us that in seven years every particle of matter in the body is renewed. Now I have been seven years in this place, and I feel as if I had become thoroughly an American." Of course: there is not a particle of the original osseous or fatty matter he brought hither, and not a bit of the cuticle. In fact, the only thing that would lead one to believe that the doctor ever saw Scotland is when he opens his mouth for a wee bit speech. It's quite Scotchy there.

—Alluding to the fact that Chief Justice Waite is holding court in Lynchburg, Virginia, the Lynchburg *Virginian* says that it is the first time a Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court ever presided in that city.

—The Emperor of Brazil, most cultivated of modern potentates, has obtained from his Parliament leave to visit the United States, and will come here during the centennial year.

—The men of China resident in San Francisco have close views as to the value of women. A few days since a sale of Chinese females took place in that city, only Chinamen being allowed to buy. The most attractive damsel brought but eight dollars, while one whose nose was out of plumb brought the great figure of sixty-five cents.

—Queen Victoria has consented to become the patroness of the Church of England Temperance Society, since "it appears to be organized on a basis which includes all who advocate temperance without insisting on total abstinence."

—Mr. James Lick's selection of Mount Hamilton, in Santa Clara County, California, as the place to put his observatory and great telescope, makes this description of the mountain, by the San José *Mercury*, interesting: "Mount Hamilton is 4448 feet high. The summit is higher than any land within fifty miles, and consequently below the level of the plane of the observatory, which, in an astronomical point of view, is the desideratum sought. The beautiful valley of San José, the snowy ridge of the Sierra Nevadas, and a boundless area of mountain scenery are in the scope of vision, and the elevation is so high as to be above the fogs of summer, and is not so high as to be much disturbed by the storms of winter. A party that recently ascended the mountain had a magnificent view of the grand old Pacific, while the setting of the sun almost bewildered them by its gorgeousness. The road will open up a rich territory of agricultural lands, besides furnishing one of the most delightful and romantic drives in the United States."

—The following ladies form part of the faculty of Smith College, Boston: Miss Sarah W. Humphrey, daughter of the late President Humphrey, is at the head of the department of history; Miss Maria Whitney, sister of Professor Whitney, of Yale, takes French and German; and Miss Mary A. Hastings, late principal of Hamilton Seminary, New York, mathematics. Mrs. E. E. Allen, a cousin of Judge Williams, of Pittsburg, is matron.

—M. De Hagermann-Lindecone, formerly Danish minister at Washington, is about to lead to the hymeneal altar the charming and accomplished Mrs. Moulton.

—Mr. William A. Hovey, the clever editor of the Boston *Evening Transcript*, is among those whose services can be secured during the coming lecture season, within a reasonable distance from Boston, to give pleasant and practical talks on topics that should especially secure the attention of intelligent young people. His course is to be delivered before the Lowell Institute, and will embrace: 1. "Coal"—how mined and prepared for use. 2. "Steam"—its properties, etc. 3. "Iron"—how produced and wrought. 4. "Steel"—the process of its manufacture. 5. "Gas"—how made. 6. "The Electrotype"—the process of reproducing medals, coins, and reliefs of every kind in metal by galvanism. Four of these lectures can be given separately, and all are illustrated by diagrams.

—For some time past opulent Britons have been seeking out fine specimens of old carved wainscoting. Baron Adolphe de Rothschild has lately bought, for £6000, the magnificent wood-work of the Hôtel Bretonvilliers, in the Ile St. Louis, and Baron Gustave de Rothschild has purchased all the wood carving of the Hôtel du Sacré Cœur, Rue de Varennes, for the new house he is building in Paris. It furnishes three rooms, one of which alone cost £2400.

—Hon. Alexander H. Rice, Republican candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, was born at Newton, in that State, in 1818. He was graduated from Union College in 1844. Having been chosen a member of the Boston Common Council, he became president of that body in 1853. Three years afterward he was elected Mayor of Boston. During the Thirty-sixth Congress he was a Representative of his native State, and served on the Committee on the District of Columbia. He was re-elected to the Thirty-seventh, Thirty-eighth, and Thirty-ninth Congresses, in which he was chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs. For several years he has been president of the Board of Trade at Boston.

—Mr. John H. Contoit, who died at his residence in this city a few days since, at the age of eighty-eight years, was in his day quite a celebrity. His fortune, estimated at three millions of dollars, was the result mainly of appreciation in real estate. Originally he was a French confectioner. At home his family was a high one. His garden at the corner of Broadway and Leonard Street was thirty years ago a place of fashionable resort. He was somewhat eccentric, but courteous, careful, and prudent, exceedingly economical in his own spendings, yet no miser. He arose daily at four o'clock and made his own fire. His food was of the simplest kind. Only a month ago the writer saw him getting into a stage, and by his sprightly and airy Parisian tread shaming a young Wall Street broker in eyeglass and cane who was behind him. He never kept a coach, but preferred the democratic omnibus. He said the jolting was good exercise. He never traveled fifty miles from New York city, and for the last ten years of his life did not cross either of the rivers. He had a peculiarity of always having about fifty thousand dollars as a balance in the Pacific Bank.

—Captain John Norris, of Petersburg, Kentucky, is the sole survivor of the American participants in Perry's victory on Lake Erie in 1813. He is now eighty-four years of age, hale, hearty, and active. After the battle Commodore Perry wrote to General Harrison that but for the twenty men the latter had sent him, of whom Captain Norris was one, he would not have gained the victory. In 1869 the Kentucky Legislature voted a gold medal for his services at Perry's victory, and the veteran hopes to be alive and wear it at the Centennial next year.

—M. Rota, a professor of music at Trieste, has succeeded in teaching a number of deaf-mutes to sing. A public exhibition was given in Paris by these deaf-mutes, at which they not only sang in perfect time, but preserved the pitch.

—The Stein monument, in memory of the minister who organized the resistance against Napoleon I., will be inaugurated on the 26th inst. at Berlin. Its cost is about $40,000.

—Prince Gortschakoff will soon resign the Russian portfolio of Foreign Affairs, and be succeeded by Count Schuvaloff, the Russian embassador to England. Gortschakoff is now seventy-seven years old, and has been in public life for over half a century.

—Mrs. Fanny Kemble, who is now publishing her interesting *Reminiscences of an Old Woman*, made her first appearance on the stage at Covent Garden Theatre, then under the management of her father, forty-six years ago on the 5th of this month. She is now sixty-four. In the three years she played there she retrieved the fortunes of her family. During that time she produced *Francis I.*, a tragedy written by herself at the age of seventeen. She came to this country in 1832, and in 1835 married Pierce Butler, from whom she was divorced in 1839. As an actress on the stage and as a reader on the platform she has hardly had her equal in America.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

There have been some disturbances in various parts of Mississippi between the whites and the negroes, the most serious of which occurred at Friar's Point. Several collisions took place between armed bands on both sides, but at last accounts order had been restored.

Another suit for the people against William M. Tweed, to recover $9,000,000 stolen by the "Ring," was instituted October 8. It was also decided in the Supreme Court on the same day that Tweed should be restricted to answering the complaint in the $6,000,000 suit, and that he must do so within seven days.

The "Molly Maguires" are again at work in the Pennsylvania coal regions. The breakers and machine-shops of several collieries have been burned by them, and it is feared that they are carrying out an organized scheme of arson, while suspending, for the time being, their more desperate work of murder.

After the war three or four hundred Southerners, unwilling to live under the government of the United States, went to Brazil, where they intended permanently to reside. They were, however, disappointed in their hopes, and soon expressed a desire to return, many of them being in actual distress. Our government, on being informed of their condition, tendered to them free passage on board of naval vessels. In pursuance of this offer, twenty-four of them returned to New York in 1871. Since that time others have reached this country by the same means, and now the United States steamer *Swatara* will soon leave for Para, in Brazil, to bring to this country the remainder of the expedition, and will land them at Port Royal, South Carolina.

The Vanderbilt University, in Nashville, Tennessee, was opened on the 4th inst.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Imperial Chancellor of Germany has submitted to the Federal Councils amendments of their penal code making instigation to crime a punishable offense.

The Emperor of Germany on his approaching visit to Italy will not go to Rome. He will only meet King Victor Emanuel in Upper Italy.

It is reported from Tien-tsin that Mr. Wade, the British minister in China, had succeeded in obtaining the adjustment of the difficulties, and that war between the two countries was improbable.

The English Admiralty, in obedience to the indignant demands of the people of England, have suspended the circular of July 31, ordering the surrender of fugitive slaves found on board of British ships.

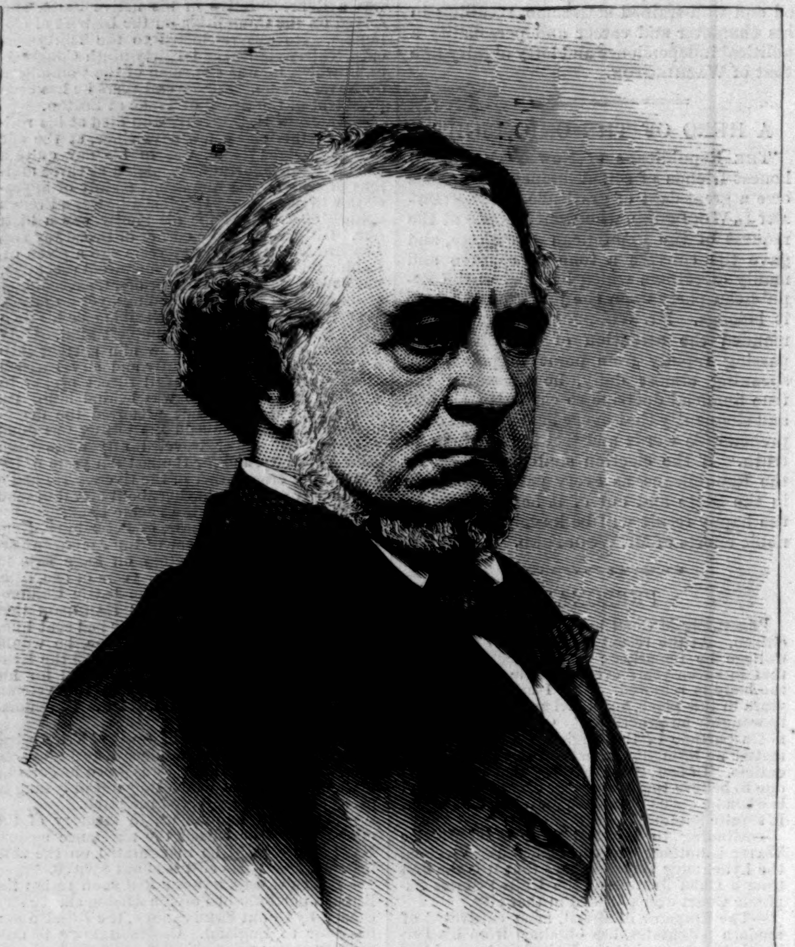
The royalist troops in Spain have suspended operations in the north till further re-enforcements are received. The Carlist troops threaten to bombard Sebastian unless an indemnity of a hundred thousand dollars is paid at once.

Wealthy Spaniards in Cuba have recently made efforts for the restoration of peace on that island, but have been unsuccessful.

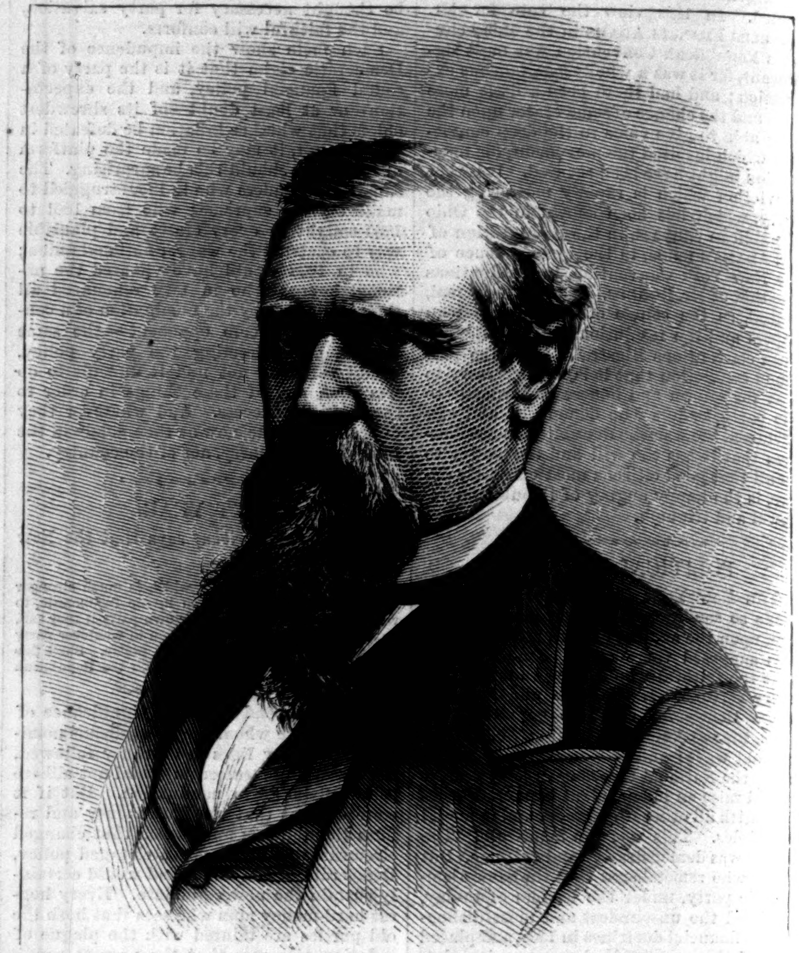
Nine hundred Spanish soldiers sailed from Barcelona for Cuba, October 5, to be followed shortly by three thousand more, including many Carlist prisoners of war.

War has begun at Cape Palmas between Liberia and the aborigines under the command of several educated natives. There was some fighting on the 17th of September, in which fifty were killed and wounded. The Liberian government has dispatched troops from Monrovia to the scene of action, and, at last accounts, a great battle was daily expected.

The Swedish passenger steamer *L. J. Bager*, running between Lübeck and Copenhagen, was burned in the Baltic October 3. Twenty-four of the passengers and eleven of the crew perished.



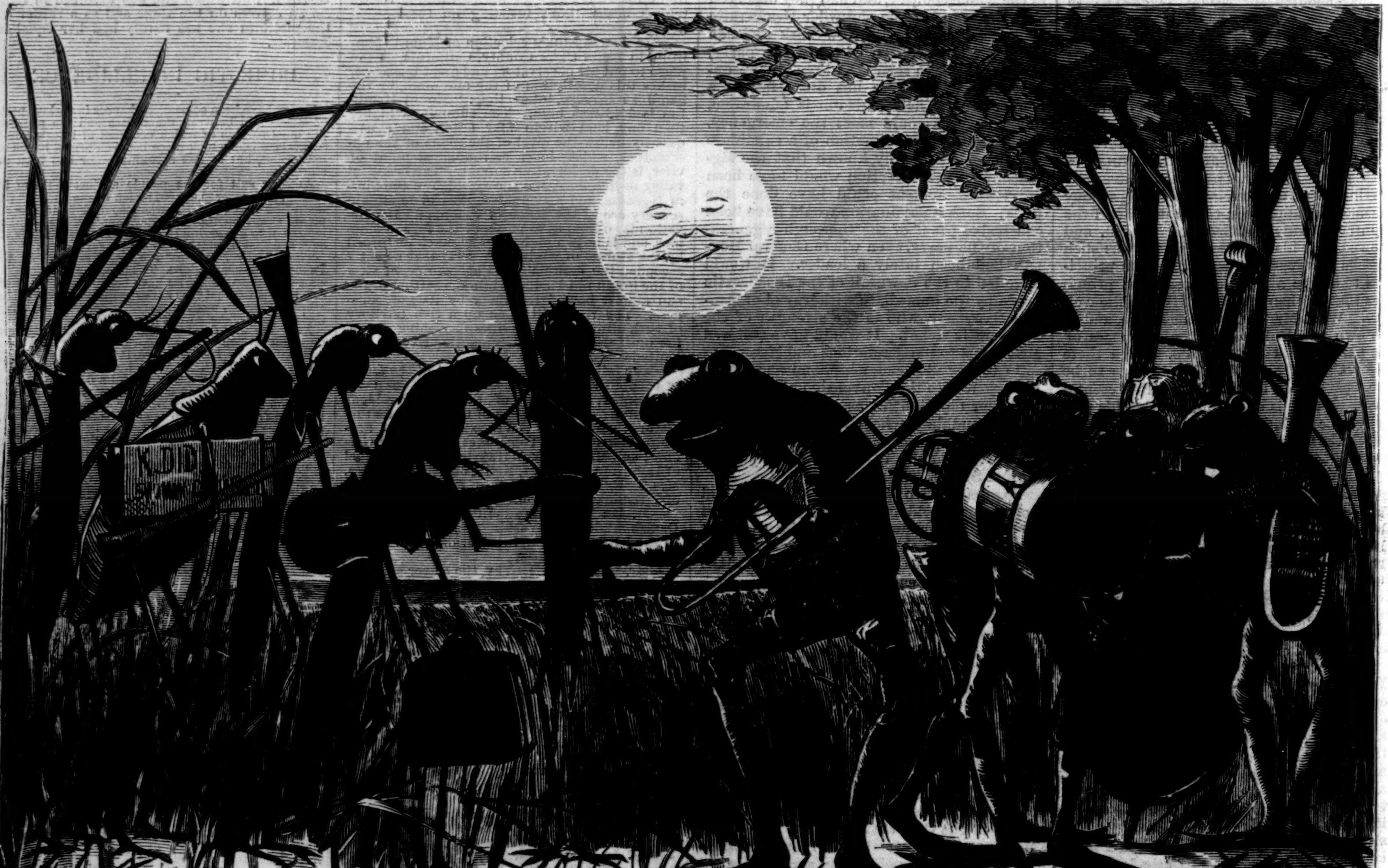
LORD HOUGHTON.
[From a Photograph by Barraud & Jerrard, London.]



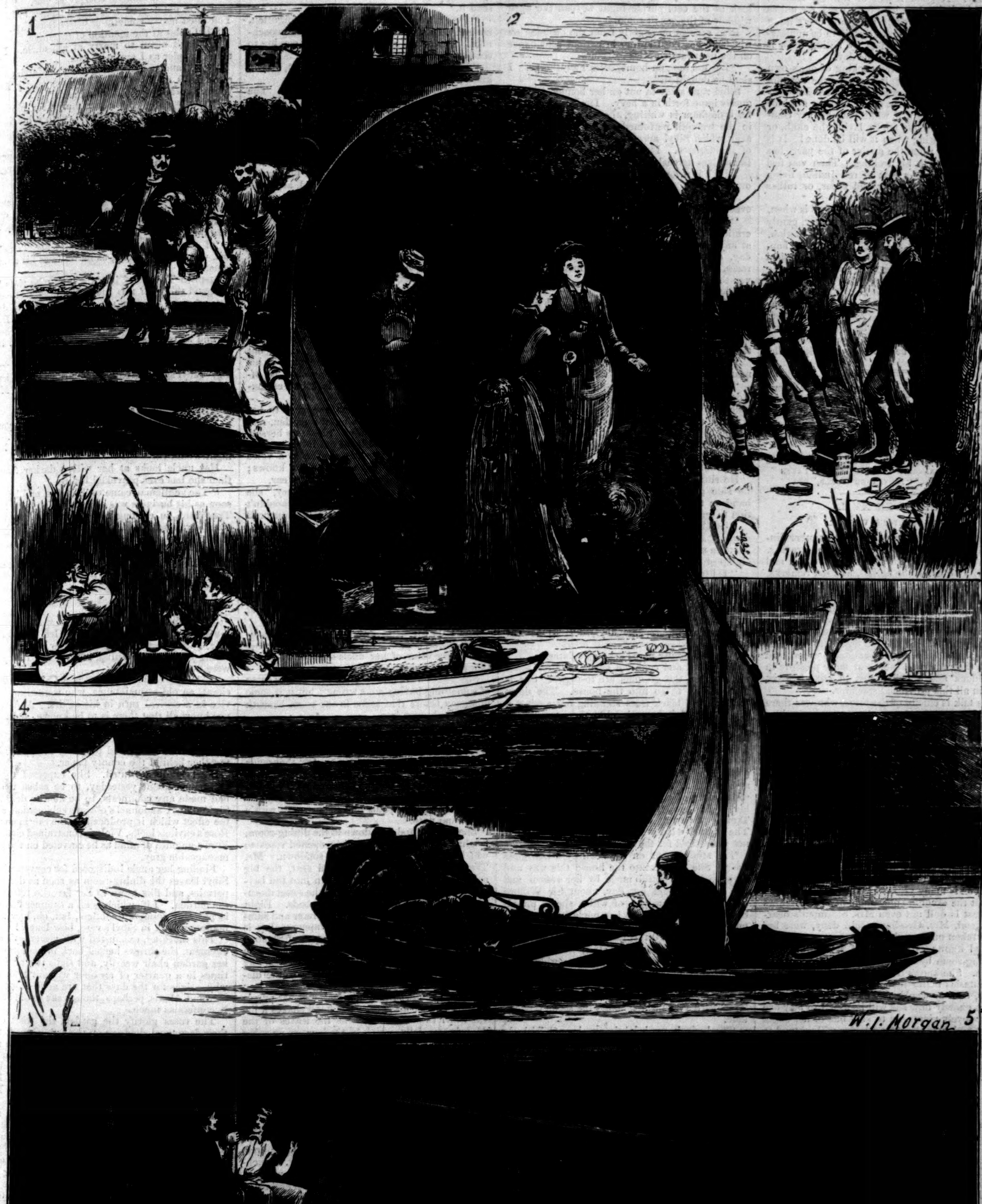
HON. WILLIAM IRWIN, GOVERNOR ELECT OF CALIFORNIA.
From a Photograph by Bradley & Rulofson, San Francisco.—[See Page 862.]

LORD HOUGHTON.

This distinguished nobleman (now in this country), known in earlier years as the Right Hon. **Richard Monckton Milnes**, D.C.L., F.R.S., was born in 1809, being the only son of **Robert Pemberton Milnes**, of Fryston Hall, Bawtry Hall, and Great Houghton, Yorkshire, and the Hon. **Henrietta Maria**, daughter of **Robert**, fifth Viscount **Galway**. Lord **Houghton** graduated M.A. at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1831. He was elected M.P. for Pontefract in 1837, and retained the seat till his elevation to the peerage in 1863. He entered Parliament as a follower of Sir **Robert Peel**, whom he supported in his repeal of the Corn Laws, but afterward joined the party of Lord **John Russell**. He declined to become a member of the government of Lord **Palmerston**, but gave it his entire support. His attention in Parliament was mainly directed to foreign affairs and the reform of the penal institutions. He brought in the first bill for the establishment of juvenile reformatories in 1846, and is the president of the great



BREAKING UP OF OUR SUMMER CONCERT.—"Good-by, Old Fellow! I'll see you again in the Spring."



1. Taking in Provisions. 2. Cooking Dinner—Anxious Inquiry, "How long will it take?" 3. An enviable Sight—another Fellow's Camp. 4. The early Morning Shave. 5. Taking it easy—a fair Breeze. 6. Camping out—Boat made snug for the Night.

SCRAPS OF A RIVER TRIP.

reformatory establishment at Red Hill. In early life he traveled much in Southern Europe and in the East. He has written several volumes of poems, under the titles of *Poems of Many Years*, *Palm Leaves*, etc., and many pamphlets, notably "One Tract More," in the Oxford controversy of the *Tracts for the Times*, and the *Real Union of England and Ireland*. In 1848 he published an edition of the letters and literary remains of JOHN KEATS, with a most charming and graceful memoir, which dealt with the life and genius of the poet with rare and tender appreciation. It is one of the finest contributions to biographical literature in the English language. His last work is *Monographs, Personal and Social*.

SCRAPS OF A RIVER TRIP.

FOR any one who requires a complete break in the general routine of his life, or wishes to spend a Bohemian-like existence for a short time—and there are few who have not at times a lurking desire to cast off the rules and bonds of civilization—there is nothing cheaper or handier than a trip on the river, camping out, or, better still, sleeping in, with a tent arranged so as to stretch over, the boat. Talk about a gypsy's life! why, he is a veritable householder compared to you, who, if you are displeased with your night's resting-place, can take up your anchor, and with but little trouble glide away, house and all, to a more suitable spot, sure that, come what rain there may, your bed will be dry, though surrounded by water; and few who have not tried it can imagine what a comfortable bed can be made in a boat, unpromising though it may seem.

On the river there is nothing to remind one of city life: no dusty roads, no rattling vehicles; and when camping out—joy of joys!—no settling of hotel bills, that bugbear of the sea-side or Continental holiday; only an occasional reminder of the outer world when the cashier of the party tots up his account, or when you accompany the caterer to the village shop, where is displayed such a collection of incongruous articles as would almost baffle the descriptive powers of a DICKENS. This purchasing of stores is always a treat; it stretches the legs, and gives a complete change to the eye.

A mop is a useful article to have on board. It is surprising what an amount of dirt and litter will get into a boat when all day has been spent in gliding under the deep shadows of overhanging willows, brushing the boughs with your heads, or loafing round reedy islands, gathering the many wild flowers that border the banks, stopping at the water-side inns, and going ashore for the purpose of refilling the bottle with beer, ginger, or otherwise, as the case may be. In the morning the mop comes in useful for swabbing down preparatory to putting things straight and tidy. A good lesson in tidiness may be learned by living in a boat for a week, for unless there is a place for every thing and every thing in its place, you are almost certain to be unpleasantly reminded of that fact by sitting upon it some time or other during the day.

Another pleasure is the cooking of one's own dinner. What a zest it gives to the appetite when, stopping at some good spot, the camp kettle is landed, the fire set going, and the steak or chop frying in the fire, while your hungry companions are gathering sticks, laying the cloth, or anxiously inquiring when it will be done! It is a special treat when the angler of the party has been successful in his trolling. Then you feel truly independent—a sort of red Indian, living on the spoils of your bow and spear, or rather trolling line and spoon bait.

The laziest, most enjoyable time of all is when, with a fair breeze, you can take it easy, gently gliding along, enjoying the poetry of motion. Then is the nearest approach to complete happiness arrived at. No strain and toil of physical labors, and yet a feeling that progress is being made, and every one can enjoy the beautiful scenery without feeling that he ought to be much obliged to some one or other of his companions who is tugging at the oar. And no matter from which quarter the wind may be blowing, such are the windings of the river that some time or other much distance can be got over by help of the sail.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

DEAD MEN'S SHOES:

A Novel.

By MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "A STRANGE WORLD," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

A MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

THE dinner at the Stormonts' is as other dinners in the same house. The guests are Mr. and Mrs. Groshen, Dr. and Mrs. Mitsand, and one Miss Mitsand, the ugliest, as Fred remarks, with a sense of injury. The flower-pots on the table, the silver dishes, the ruby hock glasses, the finger-glasses engraved with the Greek key pattern; the talk, the twaddle, Mrs. Groshen's Honiton lace—how well Sibyl knows them all. She breathes a sigh for the days that are gone before that slow, pompous banquet is ended, and thinks that, after all, there was more pleasure in a haddock and a cup of tea in Dixon Street than in all this provincial splendor.

The talk is chiefly of the races, who was there and who was not there. The county families are brought on the table and discussed fully, together with their genealogies, which are as well known and as complicated as if they were Greek heroes or demi-gods.

Mrs. Stormont praises Sir Wilford Candonnel, and those dear girls, his sisters, and talks of the rose garden and ferneries at the How, whereby she bears down rather heavily upon Mrs. Groshen, who has never been bidden to that earthly paradise. Mr. Groshen opines that Sir Wilford is better off than most of the county people, whom he disparages as a shabby lot, but adds that at the rate Sir Wilford is going on with his drags and hunters he is likely to outrun the constable before he is many years older.

That the evening entertainment which follows the feast is dull not even Mrs. Stormont's dearest friend, Mrs. Groshen, could deny, were her views taken on the subject.

Sibyl knows every piece of furniture in the drawing-room by heart, every photograph in the album. She knows the Misses Stormont's favorite fantasias better than those performers themselves, or they would play more correctly. She knows exactly how she will be asked to play one of her lovely pieces, or to sing one of her sweet songs, and how the young ladies will pretend to delight in Chopin, and the elders praise her wonderful "fingering," and how stifled yawns will at intervals prevail among the company. She knows how Violet will tell her about some new fern she has discovered, such a darling; and how Rose will ask her if she is going on the Continent this year, and will then favor her with some interesting facts about her Swiss tour with papa three years ago.

What a blessed relief when the clock on the mantel-piece strikes eleven! Sibyl has been wondering for ever so long why her carriage has not been announced.

"Dear Mrs. Stormont, I think they must have forgotten me," she says. "But we are such near neighbors, I can walk home easily."

"My love, it is quite early; don't talk of going; the carriage will come for you, I am sure. We want another of those delicious sonatas.—Not going, surely, Mrs. Groshen?" cries Mrs. Stormont, rejoicing in her soul to see the banker and his wife advancing to her, stately and smiling, to tell her that they have spent "a most enjoyable evening."

Every one discovers that it is frightfully late. No one would have supposed it for an instant. How swift are the pinions of Time when pleasure quickens them!

Mrs. Stormont, pressed by Sibyl, makes an inquiry about Mr. Trenchard's carriage. It has not come.

"We walked here," says Mr. Groshen. "Matilda grumbled about her dress, but I wouldn't have my horses harnessed again after they had come from the race-course, and I couldn't have them standing in harness while she changed her dress. It is no use having fine horses if you don't study them a little. And we're such near neighbors. We'll take care of you, Miss Faunthorpe, if you don't mind walking."

"I should like it," says Sibyl, with a longing look at the cool purple night beyond the open window of the gas-lit room.

Fred springs up eagerly from the ottoman on which he has been sitting in patient attendance on the unattractive Miss Mitsand.

"Let me see you home, Miss Faunthorpe. I shall be delighted."

Sibyl runs away to put on her bonnet, and the guests issue forth in a bevy. Dr. Mitsand's useful brougham is waiting, the others walk home in the tranquil perfumed air. Fred offers his arm, which Sibyl accepts with the infinite ease of indifference. Mr. and Mrs. Groshen make themselves agreeable by walking on briskly.

"Isn't it a lovely night!" gasps Fred, rapturously.

"Yes, it's very fine. We generally have nice evenings in June."

"Ye-es," replies Fred, after judicious consideration; "I think we do. Nice long evenings, at any rate. The twenty-first being the longest day, of course, is a reason. Nice month for races, too; but rather rainy sometimes, don't you think?"

Sibyl concedes the point.

"I remember one wet June—poured all the month—regular cats and dogs. The race-course was a morass; of course the heaviest-built horse won. Here we are, I declare, close to Lancaster Lodge! How I wish it was further off!"

"Not very flattering to me to wish us less near neighbors," says Sibyl, laughing.

"Oh, come now, Miss Faunthorpe, you know I don't mean that; but just for to-night, for the sake of prolonging this delightful walk."

"Don't talk nonsense, please," says Sibyl. "And be kind enough to ring the bell."

They are standing at the gate by this time, and Fred lingers, as if loath to perform that necessary duty.

He rings, and the lodge-keeper opens the little side gate. Sibyl offers Mr. Stormont her hand on the threshold, but gives him no invitation to enter the domain.

"Good-night," she says, and then cries, suddenly, "Do you hear that?"

It is a most melodious jug-jugging from a dark clump of horse-chestnuts near the gate.

"I hear something chirping," replies Fred, dubiously.

"It's the nightingale. It sings every night just at this time. Isn't it exquisite?"

"Rather throaty," says Fred.

"Good-night," repeats Sibyl, shutting the door in his face.

"Horrid young man!" she ejaculates.

How dark and cool and silent, save for those nightingales, the grounds are to-night! She is in no hurry to go into the house. The dewy turf, the tall black trees standing out against a sky of mixed light and color, the moon rising grandly above the elms yonder, just where the Lancaster Lodge grounds meet the edge of Redcastle Park, Lord Starborough's domain—all is beautiful.

Sibyl walks slowly along the shrubberied drive and round to the lawn behind the house, that wide sweep of velvet grass upon which she and her uncle spend the summer afternoons. Mr. Trenchard's study is on this side of the house. The lighted windows inform Sibyl that he has not yet retired for the night.

The study opens on the lawn by a half-glass door. She can go into the house this way and surprise her forgetful uncle by her return, and tell him all about her day, about Sir Wilford Candonnel's attentions, of which she is proud. She thinks it will please her uncle to know that one of the magnates of the land has admired her.

She goes toward this glass door, but makes a dead stop before one of the study windows, startled by what she sees there. It is nothing very remarkable, perhaps, at the first showing, only Uncle Stephen and a stranger; but the stranger is no ordinary person, and there is that in Stephen Trenchard's face which makes the scene remarkable.

The lamp burns brightly on the official-looking table, which is spread with papers—formidable-looking papers, bristling with figures, ruled with red ink. They are laid open, as if for inspection, and among them lies an open ledger.

Sibyl has no experience which can teach her the exact nature of these papers, but she knows instinctively that they must have some relation to commerce.

Stephen Trenchard's face is black as thunder. His left hand lies on that open ledger; with the right he points to a column of figures, running his square forefinger down the column with a vicious dig of the nail here and there, as much as to say, "Look at that, Sir, and at that!" and "What do you say to that?"

The stranger stands at Mr. Trenchard's elbow. He is a foreigner—an Oriental—Sibyl thinks, though his plain and faultless clothes are perfectly English. He has a dark olive skin, eyes black as night, an aquiline nose, a narrow oval face, and silky blue-black hair. He is something less than middle height, stout, and sleek. His lips move softly, and his little plump hand seems to expostulate as Stephen Trenchard scowls at the figures.

"Who can he be?" wonders Sibyl, abandoning all intention of seeing her uncle to-night. "Some Indian friend of Uncle Stephen's, I suppose. But what can all those papers mean, and why does Uncle Stephen look so angry? He looked just like that when he spoke of Philip Secretan."

She goes round to the front of the house. The hall door is open, and the footman is airing himself on the threshold, listening to the nightingales.

"Why wasn't the carriage sent for me?" asks Sibyl.

"Indeed, ma'am, I don't know. Was it ordered?"

"I suppose so. Mr. Trenchard said he would send it."

"I'm afraid master must have forgotten, ma'am. I didn't take no message to the coachman. Perhaps it was the gentleman coming to see him that put it out of his mind."

"I suppose so. Who is the gentleman, do you know?"

"No, ma'am, there was no name given. The gentleman came after dinner, about nine o'clock. He came from London, I believe. The London train hadn't been long in when he came, and he's been with Mr. Trenchard ever since."

"Is he going to stay here to-night?"

"I don't know, ma'am. There's been nothing said, but Mrs. Madgers had the blue room got ready in case it should be wanted, as a premonitory measure."

Sibyl yawns languidly, and goes up stairs to her own room, puzzled, but not seriously disturbed. This stranger has come on some business errand evidently. She knows that her uncle's temper is not particularly placid, and concludes that he has been irritated by some vexation of a commercial character. Yet she can not understand how this can be, since she has been taught to believe that Mr. Trenchard has retired from business.

Curiosity would impel her to await the stranger's departure in the drawing-room, or to discover whether he is to remain for the night; but she does not care to encounter her uncle in his present temper, and he would doubtless be offended by any thing that could look like espionage.

It is nearly midnight when she goes to her room. Her windows open on the garden, and are above those of the study. She seats herself by an open window, and looks out into the cool, shadowy garden. Presently she hears a voice raised in anger; her uncle's voice she knows; but the stranger's tones never reach her ear.

"His voice is like his looks, I dare say," she thinks, "soft and silky and cunning. I shouldn't think he was the kind of man Uncle Trenchard would trust."

She wastes more than an hour in undressing, brushing her hair, putting away her finery. The clocks strike one, but those lighted windows still shine upon the dark turf below.

"What a long interview," she thinks. "This Indian gentleman must surely be going to stay all night. He would never leave the house at such an hour as this."

She falls asleep at last, worn out by the fatigues of the day, but at the last moment hears that angry voice of her uncle's suddenly raised in a gust of passion.

She wakes next morning with an uneasy sense of something having gone wrong; but it is some moments before that scene in the room beneath flashes back upon her.

"Who can that man be?" she asks herself again, "and why was Uncle Trenchard so angry? Some Indian merchant, perhaps, to whom he has lent money. The loss of a few thousands ought not to make him so angry. It must be like a drop in the ocean compared with his immense wealth. But then, I know he is fond of money, and that it pains him to part even with a ten-pound note."

She dresses, and goes down to the dining-room, bright and fresh as the newly opened roses to which the nightingale sings at sundown. Mr. Trenchard is in his accustomed seat, the big crimson morocco arm-chair drawn into the bay-window. The sashes are up, and the sweet morning air comes in across the flower beds. Eight o'clock is the hour for breakfast, winter and summer, at Lancaster Lodge, and unpunctuality is little less than a crime in the eyes of Stephen Trenchard, who is usually dressed in his blue frock-coat and nankin waistcoat and trowsers by six, and prowling about the grounds, to the discomfiture of his gardeners.

He is a shade paler than usual, and has purple shadows under his eyes. His hand shakes a little, Sibyl thinks, as he turns the leaves of the Manchester daily, which he reads every morning before breakfast. The face he turns to her as she bends over him to administer her morning kiss has an old and wan look in the sunshine. Can it be that Mrs. Stormont is right, and that Stephen Trenchard is breaking up?

There are no early prayers at Lancaster Lodge. Mr. Trenchard has his ideas upon religion, and his own particular creed by which he is to stand or fall, no doubt, but whatever these are he keeps them strictly to himself. He never goes to church, a neglect of duty which in a person of Mr. Trenchard's consequence Redcastle regards as an eccentricity, but which would make a social outlaw of a small butcher or baker. He has no objection to Sibyl's attendance at the minster, where she exhibits the latest fashions on Sunday mornings. He is no declared infidel. He simply ignores religion as a thing he has been able to dispense with all his life.

Sibyl takes her place before the silver urn, and begins the business of tea-making. Mr. Trenchard drinks green tea unmixed with black, and is very particular about the preparation of the beverage. Marion has never succeeded in pleasing him in this matter. Sibyl has never failed.

"You are looking so tired this morning, dear uncle," she says, in her soft winning voice. "You were up very late last night, were you not?"

"How do you know that? You were in bed, I suppose?"

"Not till twelve o'clock. I staid rather late at the Stormonts, thinking you would send the carriage for me."

"The carriage? ah, to be sure. I forgot."

"It didn't matter in the least. I walked home. That horrid Fred brought me. Such a lovely night, the walk would have been delightful with any one else."

"Ah, you don't like young Stormont?" says Mr. Trenchard, looking sharply at her. "I'm glad of it, child. He's a genteel pauper at best. You must marry something better than that."

Sibyl pales at the mention of marriage.

"I don't mean to marry at all, uncle. I'm much happier as I am, with you."

"Stuff and nonsense, my dear. Marriage is a woman's mission, and with your pretty face you are sure to get a rich husband."

"You wouldn't have me marry for money, Uncle Trenchard!" cries Sibyl, with a horrified look. Here is this old man, rolling in wealth, and yet counseling a mercenary marriage.

"I wouldn't have you marry without money. You are no girl to play at love in a cottage. That's a game you'd soon get tired of."

Sibyl starts as if she had been stung.

"Don't talk of marriage, Uncle Trenchard. The subject is hateful to me. There is no one in Redcastle that I care for, or am ever likely to care for."

"I am sorry to hear it," replies Mr. Trenchard, with a moody look, as he resumes his newspaper.

Stephen Trenchard is not a man who riots in the good things of this life. His breakfast consists of a cup of green tea and a little bit of dry toast. His other meals are of the simplest. But there is considerable epicureanism in his simplicity, and he resents a bad dinner as a personal injury.

"I expected to find a visitor here this morning," Sibyl says presently, too curious to be silent on the subject of that nocturnal interview in Mr. Trenchard's study.

"Indeed! Have you invited any one?"

"I should not take such a liberty without your permission—unless it were Marion or Jenny. I thought the gentleman who was with you last night would stay—"

Her uncle looks at her with a darker frown than she has ever provoked before.

"The gentleman came on business, and left as soon as his business was concluded," replies Mr. Trenchard, in chilling tones. "The less you trouble yourself about my affairs, Sibyl, the better for our mutual happiness."

"I only wondered—" falters Sibyl.

"Don't wonder. It's a most unprofitable occupation of the mind. Who told you there was any one with me last night?"

"I saw him."

"Saw him? How?"

"The night was so lovely that I walked round the garden after Fred Stormont left me at the gate, and I was coming in at your study door, seeing your lamp burning, when I saw that you were not alone."

"The gentleman you saw is a Calcutta merchant, an old acquaintance, who wanted my advice in a critical turn in his affairs. And now you know all that there is to be known, and may leave off wondering."

Mr. Trenchard sips his tea and nibbles his dry toast in silence, and presently disappears altogether behind the county paper.

Sibyl is disappointed. She expected to be questioned about yesterday, to be asked if she had made any conquests, to be able to describe Sir Wilford Candonnel's obvious subjugation, and the effect which it produced on the Stormonts—Rose's envious looks, Violet's constrained civility, Fred's anguish of mind as he curveted on the unmanageable gray.

Finding her uncle indisposed for conversation, Sibyl leaves the dining-room as soon as decency permits, and flits away to her favorite retreat—the garden. Life which is all a summer holiday is pleasant enough, doubtless, but, oh, how monotonous, and, in Sibyl's case, how lonely!

This morning, exhausted with yesterday's excitement, she throws herself back in her low basket garden chair wearily, and sighs two or three times in a quarter of an hour without knowing why—sighs for the days that are gone—for poverty and Alexis, perhaps, though she would hardly confess as much.

The roses glorify the garden, the trees cast their deep, cool shadows on the sunny grass; the house yonder, with all its windows shining in the sun, its Venetians, its flower-boxes, its prosperous air, as of a habitation for which wealth has done its uttermost—all these things remind her that her lot has fallen in a pleasant place. Yet she yearns for something more.

How soon will it come? How soon will the heritage for which she waits be hers? Mrs. Stormont has noticed a change in Stephen Trenchard, and that change has been very obvious to Sibyl's eyes this morning. She struggles against sordid, mercenary thoughts, but they are too strong for her. She can not help speculating about the future which seems drawing nearer—that future which is to reunite her to Alexis, to open the door of a new glad world, to release her from this dull bondage in the narrow paths of provincial pretense and respectability.

She knows that she is her uncle's favorite niece. Marion is suffered to come and go, but is rarely favored with so much as a civil word or a kindly glance from Mr. Trenchard. Jenny he openly abominates. Her noisy bouncing ways distress him beyond measure, and she is rarely admitted to his presence. Sibyl therefore concludes that—although Mr. Trenchard, out of kindly feeling, may leave a few thousands to Marion and Jenny, just enough to secure them a competence—the bulk of his fortune will be hers. That vast wealth which has made Redcastle bow down before him will be hers, and Redcastle, which already fawns upon her—honoring her prospective riches—will fall prostrate and worship her.

"Poor Uncle Trenchard!" she thinks, compassionately. "What is the good of money to the old? His prosperity comes at the wrong end of life. What can his wealth give him? A fine house, where he lives alone—a splendid solitude. Horses which he rarely uses. For all the personal gratification he has out of his wealth he would be as well off with six hundred a year. But he has the homage of Redcastle, which would not be given to a man of limited income even though he devoted half his revenue to acts of charity."

Sibyl sees the end of her bondage coming near, and thinks of Alexis, with tender longing for reunion. Will he come back to her? Will he forgive her? Yes; a thousand times yes. He loves her too well to be obdurate. Whatever anger he may have felt at her abandonment of him will melt away before her smiles.

It is a trial to be so ignorant of his fate, not to know where he is or what he is doing, whether fortune has been kind or cruel to him.

Great Heaven! if he should be dead! If the fight should have been too hard, and he fallen!

Her heart grows cold at the mere thought that such a thing is possible. She shudders, clasps her hands over her eyes as if to shut out the horrid spectacle. If he were dead; Hope's airy palace built on a fatal quicksand; and the future she has looked forward to a future never to be realized! No, she will not think of any thing so hideous. Fate must be hard to true love, and she has loved her husband truly, even when deserting him to secure fortune. She remembers how often she has heard him say that it is easy for a single man to fight the battle of life, that alone he would have struggled on somehow, could have obtained employment, could have roamed the world till he found just the one spot where he could prosper. He has never said it reproachfully. He was too fond of her for that. But he has said it, and the memory of that speech is a consoling thought to Sibyl just now.

"He has emigrated, I dare say," she thinks. "He had a longing to try his luck in Australia. He is on the other side of the world, most likely, and when I am free to call him back to home I shall have to wait ever so long before he can come."

She is aroused from this reverie, from the deepest deep of thought, by the mellifluous soprano of Mrs. Stormont, raised inquiringly—that society voice in which a comedy actress makes some trivial inquiry at the wing before she appears on the stage.

"In the garden?" screams Mrs. Stormont. "Dear child, I will find her."

Mrs. Stormont emerges from the shrubbery, rustling, in a flounced cambric morning dress. She wears a black lace shawl, her last summer's bonnet "done up" inexpensively by her maid, and in honest truth has been "up street" to pay her tradesmen's weekly accounts. The Stormonts, though near, are good pay.

"Old Mother Stormont will haggle about the bone in a bit of brisket, and she will worry about her Sunday sirloin," says Mr. Heffer, the butcher, "but she do pay uncommon reglar, I will say that for the old gal."

Familiarity, induced by Mrs. Stormont's frequent personal visits of complaint or inspection at Mr. Heffer's shop, has bred contempt in that citizen's mind. The customers he respects are those who never cross his threshold or weigh his meat.

Mrs. Stormont is followed by a tall stranger in gray, who looks about him admiringly, and whom Sibyl hardly recognizes at the first glance.

"Charming place—kept so well, too—garden much neater than my fellows keep the How. How-d'ye-do, Miss Faunthorpe? Hope you weren't tired by the races yesterday?"

Sibyl blushes becomingly, startled by this sudden appearance of the mighty Sir Wilford Candonnel—startled out of all sad thoughts, and gratified by this proof of her power.

"I met this tiresome Sir Wilford in the Market-place, Sibyl," says Mrs. Stormont, with juvenile playfulness—which sits upon her portly middle age about as becoming as the airy gauze bonnet on her pepper-and-salt chignon—"and he insisted upon my bringing him to call on you. I hope you are not shocked with us for invading you at such a barbarous hour?"

Sibyl assures Mrs. Stormont that the hour is a matter of no importance.

"You are just as glad to see us as if we had come in proper visiting hours!" exclaims the lady. "What a dear naïve child she is! I don't know what you did with my poor Fred last night, Sibyl, but you sent him home quite low-spirited."

This is said with meaning, and Sir Wilford looks at the speaker curiously.

"Poor Fred!" he cries, in his loud voice; "I think it must have been the bumping he got on that bony gray that made him low-spirited."

"I'm afraid I said good-night rather abruptly," says Sibyl, "which was very ungrateful of me after his kindness in seeing me home. But I was vexed with him for not appreciating our nightingales."

"Not appreciate the nightingales! How odd!" exclaims Mrs. Stormont. "Fred has such an ear for music."

"Shouldn't have thought it from his trotting," remarks the candid Sir Wilford. "Man with a good ear always keeps time in the saddle. So you've nightingales here, Miss Faunthorpe? Shouldn't have thought it, so near the town. We've no end of 'em at the How. Jug-jug-jug from sundown till midnight. I should like to show you our gardens at the How, by-the-bye. Mrs. Stormont might drive you over some day."

Mrs. Stormont, divided between her desire to be intimate with the best of the county families, and her maternal solicitude for Fred, whose interests are evidently in peril, can only smile blandly and assentingly. To drive over to the How in a friendly way is to take the highest rank in Redcastle society. Mrs. Groshen will feel absolutely crushed when she is told of such a visit. And, after all, poor Fred's courtship hangs on hand dismally, and may never come to any thing. Sibyl, although courted by the whole family, has given no token of preference for the eldest hope. Sibyl, with Stephen Trenchard's fortune, and exalted into Lady Candonnel, would be a splendid person to know. The dear girls Rose and Violet would be asked to stay at the How, no doubt; might make splendid matches; marry into the county.

The conversation meanders on in the same elevated strain for half an hour while Sibyl and her visitors walk round the garden, Sir Wilford admiring every thing "monstrously," to use his own phrase, and grumbling a good deal about those "fellows" of his at the How.

"I never saw such flower beds," he says; "there's not a dead leaf among 'em."

"My uncle is very particular about the garden," says Sibyl.

"That reminds me that I must ask to be introduced to your uncle."

"I dare say he is in his study," replies Sibyl. "I'll run and see."

She has an idea that it would hardly do to take Sir Wilford to her uncle without some note of preparation, Mr. Trenchard being somewhat out of sorts to-day.

She is saved the trouble of going to the study, however, for Stephen Trenchard is seen coming across the lawn in his Panama hat, and they all three go to meet him. He receives Mrs. Stormont and Sir Wilford graciously, and the luncheon bell ringing while he is conversing with them, insists upon their staying to luncheon. So they all go together to the dining-room, Mrs. Stormont protesting that her absence will be the cause of consternation at home.

Sibyl is fluttered and a little pleased at the idea of having made such an important conquest—a useless triumph, of course, for a woman in her position, but one that flatters womanly vanity.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Fritsche, who, since leaving the imperial observatory at Pulkova in 1866, has been very actively engaged in geographical, magnetic, and meteorological work, as director of the Russian observatory at Pekin, China, has recently published the results of observations during an extensive journey in Mongolia, Siberia, and Russia, undertaken in the summer and fall of 1873. His travels in Mongolia and Northern China carried him through countries as yet almost entirely unknown, the most important journey in this region having been that of the Archimandrite Palladius. This portion of Fritsche's exploration was performed by him on foot or horseback, although he states that his subsequent experience assured him that he could have made it, with safety to his instruments, in the Chinese two-wheeled wagon. The most important town on his route is Siwantsee, a large Chinese city, where is founded the central Belgian Catholic mission. The city is outside of—that is, north of—the great Chinese wall, and the missionary establishment is on the most extensive scale, with a fine church, and a school formed of poor Chinese children. The Christians living here, however, are not Mongolians, but the descendants of Christian Chinese who emigrated from China in order to escape the persecution of the Chinese authorities.

The contributions of Fritsche to the correct geography and hypsometry of the country traversed are numerous and reliable. One of the most interesting series of observations made by him consists in a large number of determinations of positions and altitudes of peaks belonging to a range of mountains which appears upon one or two old charts under the name of Petscha, but is not generally given upon our maps. The height of the principal peak seems to be about 1500 meters, instead of 14,000 feet, as was reported by the Archimandrite Palladius as having been given him by the Chinese authorities. No snow-clad mountains are known in the entire region. At two stations, Siwantsee and Chuschay, he was able to secure missionary observers, and promises from them of continuous meteorological observations. Magnetic observations were made by Fritsche throughout his entire expedition with a new and excellent instrument constructed by Braner, according to the plan of Wild; and these afford him the basis for a short chapter on the secular variation of the declination, inclination, and intensity, as shown from the observations that have been made in China and Siberia since the journeys by Humboldt. The results in general confirm those given by him in an earlier work published some five years ago. The annual change in the magnetic intensity appears to have remained nearly constant in Western Siberia, but to have doubled in China and Eastern Siberia.

The annual report of Captain Shaw, general officer of the London Metropolitan Fire Brigade, states that there were, during 1874, 1573 fires, of which 154, or 10 per cent., were serious. From the table given by him it appears that the percentage of serious fires was, in 1870, 14; in 1871, 11; in 1872, 8; in 1873, 11; and in 1874, 10. As to the causes of fires during 1874, 218 are attributed to candles, 189 to lamps, 179 to sparks from fires, 131 to gas, and 129 to defective flues. The hours of the day at which fires occurred most frequently were from 1 to 2 A.M., and 9 to 10 P.M., which hours are credited respectively with 79 and 166. The fewest fires occurred from 6 to 7 A.M., during which hours only 18 are recorded. The day of the week on which the fewest fires occurred was Wednesday (195), and that on which the most occurred was Thursday (240). On the average of five years it is found that the smallest number of fires occur on Monday, the days of the week being arranged in this respect in the following order: Monday, Wednesday, Tuesday, Sunday, Friday, Thursday, and Saturday. The largest number of fires occurring in one single week took place in that ending the 22d of July. The week having the least number of fires was that ending with the 16th of September. The most disastrous month in the year is July.

On the 7th of August last the Zoological Society of Antwerp had its annual sale of duplicate animals, which was attended largely by persons interested in buying them for menageries, zoological gardens, etc. The animals embraced in the sale were tigers, giraffes, elephants, antelopes, deer of various kinds, bisons, yaks, llamas, the quagga, kangaroo, etc. Of birds there were ostriches, rheas, emus, cassowaries, king-vultures, and many species of tinamous, cranes, etc. Geese, ducks, and paroquets were in great plenty, and most of the species offered for sale were raised in the gardens.

A school for instruction in practical astronomy has lately been established at Montsouris, France, by Mouchez. The instruction will be given by astronomers from the National Observatory and two marine officers. No fee will be charged for the course, and all the necessary and essential astronomical instruments will be at the command of the students.

Mr. Henry Lee, in *Land and Water*, gives an interesting account of his visit to the *Great Eastern* for the purpose of obtaining marine animals for the Brighton Aquarium from the ship's bottom, which was about being cleaned of a vast accumulation of organic matter. The principal mass of adherent substances consisted of mussels, forming one dense deposit covering a surface of 50,000 square feet of iron plates, and in some parts six inches thick. On the basis of an allowance of twelve pounds of mussels to the square foot, which was considered very reasonable, it was estimated that no less than 300 tons were attached—enough to load two colliery brigs with full cargoes.

Professor Dana, in continuation of his essay upon the geology of the vicinity of Hartford, Connecticut, published in the *Journal of Science*, remarks that there are three prominent facts indicated by the Champlain deposits of Southern New England. First, the occurrence of a vast flood during the closing part of the melting of the glacier, in which other parts of New England participated; second, the absence of marine life from Long Island Sound through the glacial period and the early part of the Champlain period; third, a participation in the subsidence which affected the regions farther north. From all these he deduces numerous data in evidence. He finds that while the glacial ice of the White Mountains was not less than 5800 feet, and perhaps even more, in Southwestern Massachusetts it only extended to the height of about 2600 feet above the sea. Following out the more conclusive evidence, Professor Dana estimates the height at New Haven at from 1500 to 2000 feet. This, in his opinion, furnished at the melting time material for at least swelling certain waters to universal floods. The sinking of the land that took place after the ice had reached its height, placing the site of Montreal 500 feet below the sea-level, making Lake Champlain an arm of the great St. Lawrence Gulf, and other high latitude lands much below the present level, presents, in his opinion, a sufficient reason for the change of climate which began the thinning of the glacier, and finally hurried on its dissolution.

The authorities, as well as private citizens, of Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand have been making great efforts lately to introduce desirable European fishes into their waters, and ample success has rewarded them, so far as regards the trout and the tench. The experiments that have been repeatedly made in regard to the salmon have, however, so far produced no appreciable result, and it is a serious question whether any of the young from the imported eggs have survived.

The cause of this failure is probably due to the want of adaptation of the European salmon to the warmer waters in the southern hemisphere. Recognizing this state of things, the New Zealand government has lately made application to the United States Fish Commission for a supply of eggs from its establishment on the M'Cloud River, in California. The request has been granted, and instructions given to Mr. Livingston Stone to ship 50,000 eggs to Mr. Charles Kaeding, the agent of that government in San Francisco.

The great breeding ground of the Sacramento salmon is on the M'Cloud River, where the temperature of the water is from 60° to 65°, while the lower portion of the river attains a much higher temperature, observations made the present year indicating at Tehama and other points a temperature of over 80°. In the San Joaquin, which is also inhabited by the California salmon, the temperature is still higher, reaching 85°. No European salmon could survive such extreme heat, but the California species seems to regard it with the utmost indifference.

His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Nicholas, recognizing the incompleteness of the existing studies into the history of cavalry as a branch of the army, and considering that so important a service merits the closest study, has determined, with the sanction of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia, to offer for the three best essays on the above subject three prizes of 5000, 3000, and 2000 rubles respectively. In order to encourage international scientific inquiries, his Imperial Highness has decided to throw competition open to all foreign armies; but non-Russian competitors must have their productions translated into that language. All competing essays must be handed in at St. Petersburg on or before the 13th of January, 1877, when they will be carefully examined by a committee nominated by his Imperial Highness, and the prize adjudged. The programme for the essay, together with an explanatory memorandum and a list of the books which may be selected, can be obtained from the Russian embassadors to the respective countries.

Among the ancient musical instruments of the Chinese is the pien king, which is an assortment of sixteen stones arranged on strings in two series of eight each, one above the other, and each giving out, when struck successively, a system of sounds employed by the ancient Chinese in their music. The size and shape of these stones have been very carefully determined by them after a minute analysis of the sounds peculiar to each one. In order to render the sound graver, the thickness of the stone is diminished to the right amount, and to render it more acute, something is cut off from the length. The stones thus arranged remind one in effect of a series of steel bars, as exhibited in acoustic apparatus to illustrate the fact that vibrations above a certain pitch are inaudible to the human ear. Frequent endeavors have been made to decide what kind of stones are employed in the fabrication of the pien king, since they were customarily paid as tribute-money more than two thousand years before Christ by certain provinces of China. Certain authors have thought that they recognized in them a kind of black marble, and the editor of the works of Father Amiote asserts that the king or musical stone constructed in France with the black marble of Flanders was quite as sonorous as those of China. Lately a discovery was made at Kendal, in England, of some musical stones, which, when struck with a piece of iron or another stone, gave out sounds of very different pitch, and with eight of which it would be possible to attain a very distinct octave.

The first part of Volume I. of the natural history portion of the report by Mr. A. L. Pinart of his voyage to the northwest coast of America during the years 1870–72 has just been published in quarto form in Paris, and presents a good illustration of how much may be made up from very slight material.

This portion treats of the mineralogy and geology of the region, as based upon twenty-six specimens of rocks; a microscopical study of one or two rocks; a paper on the tooth of the mammoth, by Gaudrey; one on three or four fossil shells, by Fischer; an account of ten species of recent shells, by the same author; a new species of echinus, by Perrier; and articles on the osteology of the sea-otter and the Rocky Mountain goat, by Gervais—the whole illustrated by five quarto plates.

It is to be hoped that the ethnological portions of the work will be more important than this which has just been published, as the amount of actual addition to our knowledge represents simply a description of a new species of echinoid.

For many years past Mr. William H. Dall has been engaged, in behalf of the Coast Survey, in exploring the region traversed by Mr. Pinart, and his labors have been as exhaustive as those of Pinart have been meagre—a good deal to say. On the publication of the results of Mr. Dall's researches, we shall have something worthy of the name of a natural history and ethnology of the northwest coast.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

One day a witty friend of ours, passing beneath the shadow of the well-known ecclesiastical structure that graces the neighborhood of Broadway and Tenth Street, was accosted by a prim-looking country gent, evidently of the clerical persuasion, who inquired the distance to Wall Street. "Wall Street?" echoed our friend, looking the questioner in the face, and instantly comprehending the situation; "just as far, Sir, as Trinity Church is from *Grace*." The effect on the stranger, who appeared to take the answer in a spiritual sense, can better be imagined than described.

Spinks is not going to do any more in conundrums. He asked his wife why he was like a donkey, and she said because he was born so, and he says that the answer is very different from that.

"Now, papa, tell me what is humbug." "It is," replied papa, "when mamma pretends to be very fond of me, and puts no buttons on my shirt till reminded of it a dozen times."

Mrs. Partington having heard her son say that there were a great many anecdotes in the new almanac, begged him to cut them all out, as she heard that when any body was poisoned nothing was necessary but to give him an anecdote and it would cure him.

It is said that a great drunkard once complained, "They tell me wine gives strength, and yet I, who have just drunk three bottles, can not keep myself on my legs!"

Can a man who has been fined by the magistrates again and again be considered a refined man?

A bald-headed friend, of a heavy, phlegmatic temperament, was accosted on the street by a waggish acquaintance with the inquiry, "Tom, why is your head like Alaska?" "Too much for me, Zach—I give it up." "Because it is a *white bear* place."

At a naval court-martial, lately held, the following dialogue is said to have taken place between one of the witnesses and the court: "Are you a Protestant?" "No, Sir." "What are you, then?" "Captain of the foretop."

A Functionary.—It seems that a lawyer is something of a carpenter; he can file a bill, split a hair, make an entry, get up a case, frame an indictment, impanel a jury, put them in a box, nail a witness, hammer a judge, bore a court, and other like things.

"I'll bet a sheep," said old Meredith to his better half, "that our boy Otho is going crazy; fur he's grinnin' at the plow, he's grinnin' at the barn, and he's grinnin' to himself wherever he goes." "Sho! old man! You don't know nothin'. The critter's got a love-letter."

Lord Chesterfield once remarked that even Adam, the first man, knew the value of politeness, and allowed Eve to have the first bite at the apple.

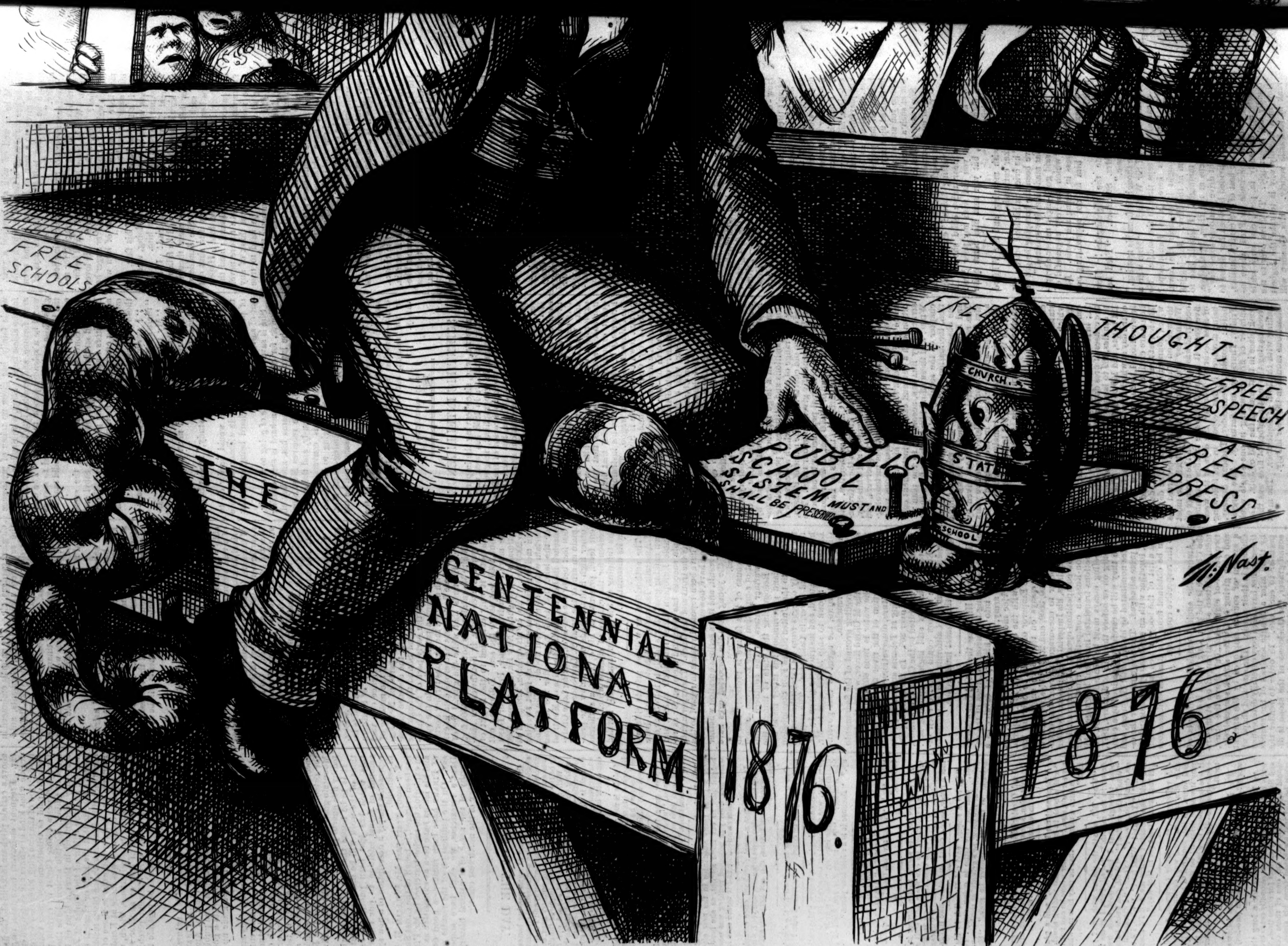
"Represent me in my portrait," said a gentleman, "with a book in my hand, and reading aloud. Paint my servant, also, in a corner where he can not be seen, but in such a manner that he may hear me when I call him."

"Why, Bill, what's the matter with you? you look down in the mouth." "Well, Pete, I guess if you'd been through what I have, you'd look bad too." "What's the matter?" "Well, you know Sarah Snivels, don't you, Pete?" "Yes." "I discarded her last night." "You did! What for?" "Well, I'll tell you: she said she wouldn't marry me, and I'd discard any girl that would treat me in that way."

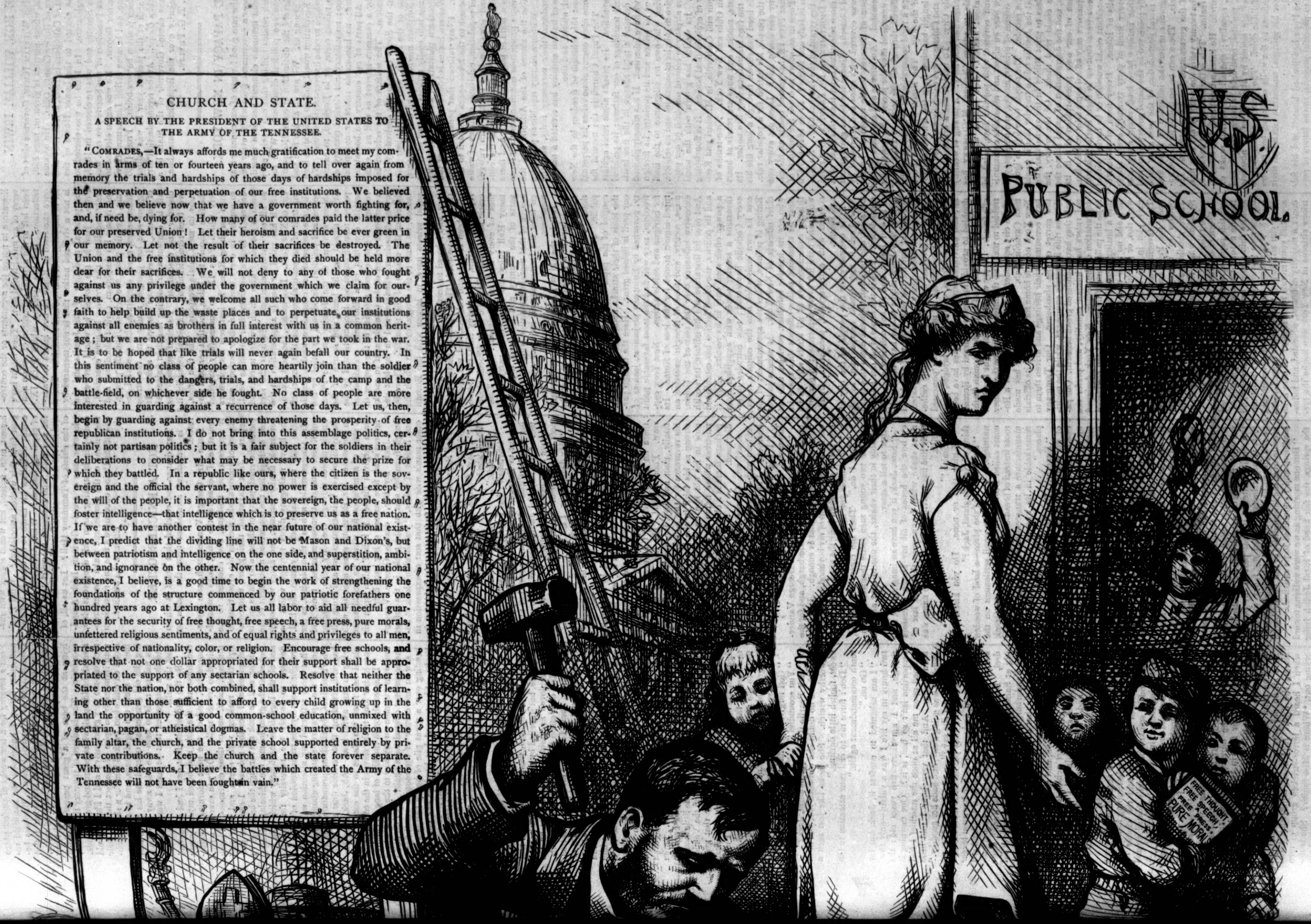
A railway accident lately occurred, caused by the axle of a tender giving way, detaining the train several hours. A lady inquired of a gentleman passenger why it was so delayed; he gravely replied, "Madam, it was occasioned by what is often followed by serious consequences—the sudden breaking of a tender attachment."

Why are the Germans the heaviest fellows in the world?—Because they are all Teuton (*two-ton*) men.

An Irishman had been sick for a long time, and while in this state would occasionally cease breathing, and life be apparently extinct for some time, when he would again come to. On one of these occasions, when he had just awakened from his sleep, Patrick asked him, "An' how'll we know, Jemmy, when ye're dead—ye're afther wakin' up ivery time?" "Bring me a glass o' whisky, an' say to me, 'Here's till ye, Jemmy!' an' if I don't rise up an' dhrink, then bury me!"


FREE SCHOOLS
THE
CENTENNIAL NATIONAL PLATFORM
1876.
1876.
THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED
CHURCH
STATE
SCHOOL
FREE THOUGHT.
FREE SPEECH,
A FREE PRESS.
Th. Nast.

THE PLANK—HITTING THE NAIL ON THE HEAD.



U.S.
PUBLIC SCHOOL.
FREE THOUGHT.
FREE SPEECH.
FREE PRESS.
PURE MORALS

CHURCH AND STATE.

A SPEECH BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES TO THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE.

"COMRADES,—It always affords me much gratification to meet my comrades in arms of ten or fourteen years ago, and to tell over again from memory the trials and hardships of those days of hardships imposed for the preservation and perpetuation of our free institutions. We believed then and we believe now that we have a government worth fighting for, and, if need be, dying for. How many of our comrades paid the latter price for our preserved Union! Let their heroism and sacrifice be ever green in our memory. Let not the result of their sacrifices be destroyed. The Union and the free institutions for which they died should be held more dear for their sacrifices. We will not deny to any of those who fought against us any privilege under the government which we claim for ourselves. On the contrary, we welcome all such who come forward in good faith to help build up the waste places and to perpetuate our institutions against all enemies as brothers in full interest with us in a common heritage; but we are not prepared to apologize for the part we took in the war. It is to be hoped that like trials will never again befall our country. In this sentiment no class of people can more heartily join than the soldier who submitted to the dangers, trials, and hardships of the camp and the battle-field, on whichever side he fought. No class of people are more interested in guarding against a recurrence of those days. Let us, then, begin by guarding against every enemy threatening the prosperity of free republican institutions. I do not bring into this assemblage politics, certainly not partisan politics; but it is a fair subject for the soldiers in their deliberations to consider what may be necessary to secure the prize for which they battled. In a republic like ours, where the citizen is the sovereign and the official the servant, where no power is exercised except by the will of the people, it is important that the sovereign, the people, should foster intelligence—that intelligence which is to preserve us as a free nation. If we are to have another contest in the near future of our national existence, I predict that the dividing line will not be Mason and Dixon's, but between patriotism and intelligence on the one side, and superstition, ambition, and ignorance on the other. Now the centennial year of our national existence, I believe, is a good time to begin the work of strengthening the foundations of the structure commenced by our patriotic forefathers one hundred years ago at Lexington. Let us all labor to aid all needful guarantees for the security of free thought, free speech, a free press, pure morals, unfettered religious sentiments, and of equal rights and privileges to all men, irrespective of nationality, color, or religion. Encourage free schools, and resolve that not one dollar appropriated for their support shall be appropriated to the support of any sectarian schools. Resolve that neither the State nor the nation, nor both combined, shall support institutions of learning other than those sufficient to afford to every child growing up in the land the opportunity of a good common-school education, unmixed with sectarian, pagan, or atheistical dogmas. Leave the matter of religion to the family altar, the church, and the private school supported entirely by private contributions. Keep the church and the state forever separate. With these safeguards, I believe the battles which created the Army of the Tennessee will not have been fought in vain."

THE HON. WILLIAM IRWIN.

The Hon. William Irwin, Governor elect of California, whose portrait is given on page 856, is a native of Butler County, Ohio. He became a resident of California in 1852, and in 1861 and 1862 was elected to the Lower House of the State Legislature. In 1869 he was elected to the State Senate, and was re-elected in 1873, serving as President of the Senate *pro tem.* under Governor Booth. He was again elected to the Senate, and became acting Lieutenant-Governor, which position he now holds. From 1866 up to March of the present year he was editor of the Yreka *Union*. At the recent election Mr. Irwin was elected Governor of the State by a large majority over the Republican candidate, the Hon. T. G. Phelps.

THE PAPACY IN NEW YORK.

It is the rare good fortune of our country that it possesses a government from which every exclusive and inhuman element has been erased, and which retains nothing that can excite envy and encourage political discontent. With the fall of slavery the distinction of caste disappeared from among us. We are all at last free and equal. Revolution would find no grievance here against which to raise its ever-terrible front. We have no ruling caste, as in England, to excite opposition; no military and clerical tyranny, as in France; no immutable rulers or unpopular kings. All parts of our country are bound together by a common interest as well as a common freedom. The welfare of the colored laborers at the South is naturally desired by the capitalists of the North, who live by their toil, and the Northern mechanics and manufacturers, who weave into costly articles the raw products of the Southern plantations, and the prosperity of the Western States is bound up in that of the Eastern. Every railroad that penetrates from the sea-coast to the lakes opens the path to the spread of population, cultivates millions of waste acres, and sows the land thickly with villages and cities; every railroad that crosses the continent is a bond of perpetual union. And there are no more prosperous communities than those which line the shores of the Atlantic and the Pacific. Within a century republican principles have produced their necessary fruits, and the doctrine of human equality has created a nation powerful, united, and free.

Against this triumph of freedom in the New World one open enemy alone raises its perpetual protest. The Papal Church is the natural foe of all republics. Its priests alone rebel against the liberal teachings of our fathers; its political leaders demand a total change in the free institutions we have inherited. It has already planted among us its prince and its prelates, its foreign dignitaries, who owe no allegiance to the land they aspire to rule, its monasteries and its schools. It claims already to control one-fifth of our population. Its wealth has grown with the usual rapidity of ecclesiastical bodies. It is flourishing in Oregon and California, in Missouri and Kentucky, in Ohio and New York. Nine-tenths of its priests, monks, and nuns are rebels at heart against the free institutions they live under. Its infallible head has shown through a long life his fear of the people, his hatred for a popular rule. Does any one doubt this? Does not every one know that Pius IX. has passed nearly all his career as Pope in an effort to crush the instincts of freedom in Italy and Rome? From 1849 to 1870 he was the tyrant of the Eternal City. No Nabis, no Dionysius, or Dr. Francia, ever ruled with a more relentless hand than this head of a political Church. Under the papal government Rome was covered with spies and oppressed by a garrison of Zouaves, before whom all honest men trembled. An intense and ceaseless tyranny was exercised over the press. No newspaper was suffered, through all the reign of Pius IX., to escape a rigid censorship, or to relate even the news of the day. The Bible, which the Pope has at length banished from the schools of Cincinnati and Chicago, was carefully excluded from the Holy City. To read it was a crime, to sell it an unheard-of enormity. A throng of wealthy cardinals, to whom Cardinal M'Closkey has lately allied himself, often tainted with gross vices and covered with popular hate, ruled in splendor over an abject and miserable community. A swarm of priests, monks, and nuns preyed upon the people. The people were left so ignorant that the Jesuits told a traveler that it would be useless to print Bibles in the vernacular, for no one could read them. Of the misery, the squalor, and the degradation of papal Rome the condition of our own priest-ridden city in its worst quarters may afford some faint conception. The Jews were shut up in their fearful Ghetto. No Protestant could worship or be buried within the walls of Rome. Every form of exclusiveness, every kind of petty tyranny, every abuse that other nations have long swept away, was carefully preserved by the papal government, and all the moral degradation of the past grew rank and vigorous under the influence of Pope and cardinals. There can be no doubt as to the nature of the government the Pope prefers. He ruled for twenty years the petty tyrant of a miserable realm. This is the example he has set to his Church. He hates a free press, free schools, liberty, equality; and all his serried ranks of priests, prelates, cardinals, princes, abbots, and abbesses are bound by the will of an absolute and infallible chief. The tyranny of the Pope is not confined to the walls of Rome, but reaches wherever his spiritual emissaries can fasten their control.

If the Pope had limited himself and his followers to peaceful projects, to the labors of persuasion and the graces of conversion in foreign lands, it would never have become the duty of literature to notice the arguments or the controversy of an uncultivated sect. They might have been left to the natural opposition of reason and reflection. But the tyranny which Pius IX. once exercised at Rome he now labors to transfer to the politics of Europe and America. There is not a civilized nation that is not menaced by the political meddling of the Jesuits and the Pope. Had he the power, he would revive in Italy and Rome the tyranny he once exercised, and renew his despotism, amidst bloodshed and ruin, over the press, the schools, and the people. Remorseless, cruel, desperate, this powerful religious sect has plunged madly into the strife of nations. It summons Europe to arms. It will be content with nothing less than universal disorder and desolation. Its chief enemy has ever been republicanism; against all republics it aims its most subtle weapons. The free press, the free schools, the Bible, and that personal liberty which Pius IX. so successfully expelled from perishing Rome, he instructs his followers to combat in every land, and their furious zeal derives its inspiration from their infallible head. Such is the party with which we are to contend in all our future elections. Such is the sect which has ruled for nearly a generation in the city of New York. It is, indeed, the most alarming trait of our political condition that our chief city, the centre of our commerce, wealth, intelligence, and political life, should be ruled by the abject servants of the Jesuits and the Pope. What should be the heart and source of the purest republicanism has become tainted by the servile doctrines of a European ecclesiastical realm. We have been supplied by the Pope with a temporal prince of the Church, as if in mockery of American principles and in insolent defiance of the usages of the republic. There is, indeed, no limit to the arrogance with which the papal priests have, in league with the Roman Catholic Democracy, outraged American feelings, and labored to corrupt the political education of the people. Their political leaders have often been thieves and robbers, and not seldom reputed assassins. Tammany Hall, the Democratic and Roman Catholic club, affords examples of every kind of criminality. Yet Tammany Hall rules the Democratic party in all parts of the country, and has been the chief source of that moral degradation which has driven from the Democracy all its wiser and purer members.

It is by the aid of Tammany Hall and through the labors of a subservient Democracy that the Pope and the Jesuits chiefly meddle in our elections. Here, in fact, lies the danger of the republic. If its metropolis is to remain in the control of the papal faction, and to be used as the basis of their attacks upon free institutions, our peril is indeed great. Here the foreign party, governed by European prejudices, jealous of freedom, may well find the most favorable point for intrigue and subtle action. New York captured almost atones for the loss of Rome. Its press, society, and tone of thought exercise an excessive influence over the rest of the Union. And over its literature and its editors, its wealth and its politics, the papal faction has established a power often seen only in its results. Now it threatens a secular paper with expulsion from every Catholic household; now intrudes in secret its own emissaries into the editor's room. Ruling in politics, it has the appointment of the chief officials of New York. It selects judges who are its humble satellites, coroners who set clear its assassins, police officials that spare its thieves, commissioners of all kinds who do its work, and have left every department of our city covered with extravagance, peculation, fraud, and shame.

It is necessary for the people of the city of New York if they would escape ruin, moral, financial, and political, to break down this papal ascendency. This is the cause of all our frauds, of all our losses, and all our deficiencies. The city of New York might to-day have been without a debt but for the fatal blight of papal and Democratic ascendency. For the money wasted, stolen, or lavished upon Roman Catholic cathedrals and protectories, it might have possessed to-day fine wharves, commodious bridges, pure air, and unrivaled streets. Its taxes have been doubled to provide for debts incurred by Roman Catholic politicians and to pay for Roman Catholic frauds. Every working-man's rent has been trebled to make up the interest due for the money of the city squandered at the command of a Roman Catholic club. Tammany Hall has made New York no safe home for the poor; its officials have consumed their heritage and driven them to the garret or the almshouse. Our Tammany thieves ride in stately equipages, while the multitude they have plundered groan beneath. Our papal rulers hate human equality, and prefer the degradation of the people. New York, designed to be the palladium of liberty, has been converted into a lasting menace to the safety of the republic; and no man can tell what secret plans of war, riot, or revolution the Pope and his Jesuits may plot in the shelter of Democratic favor. Their favorite means of conversion are violent ones, the Pope has declared his hatred for republics by example and infallible teaching. There should be no nation, he asserts in the Syllabus, where the Papal Church has not an absolute rule.

Electors of New York, can you bear any longer this papal tyranny? Are you willing to see the fine natural resources of the city squandered, and its ruin almost assured, by the careless and treacherous government of the half-barbarous Irish? Are you not capable of self-government? Must you still import your officials from Tipperary, and your morals from Rome? There is no doubt a majority of honest, educated, and industrious citizens in New York who loathe the tyranny of Tammany Hall, its infamous memories, its traitorous designs, its papal guides. What honest man, indeed, but would shrink with disgust from this wicked association? What Protestant will allow his name to be used in defense of papal aggression? What American can vote for any man who consents to court the favors and accept a nomination from the polluted hands of the chiefs of Tammany Hall? Let us all, of whatever race or creed—German, Irish, American—join in striking down this dangerous club, the enemy of the people, and make the metropolis of the Union once more a free and republican city.

Eugene Lawrence.

NOT A KNICKERBOCKER.

The dinner had reached that point at which it is considered incumbent upon the ladies to retire.

Little Mrs. George Vanderburgh, sole representative of her sex at the table, looks doubtfully across to her husband, and, obedient to the glance of approval she sees in his eyes, rises to depart. Jack Raymond, their guest, who completes the small party of three, also starts to his feet, anticipating the ponderous movement of the venerable family retainer, and flings wide open the heavy mahogany doors through which the little lady must make her way into the hall. Mrs. George smiles at him; then blushes, as her small feet entangle themselves in her train, and finally passes through the lofty arch, dragging foamy billows of Valenciennes lace and azure silk in her wake. Mr. Raymond gazes after her with a stare of admiration for which he would never have forgiven himself if it had fallen upon his hostess's fair face instead of her back hair.

"Jack, my boy," drawls George Vanderburgh from his seat at the table, in the softest and laziest of voices, "you shouldn't look at another man's wife with that sort of expression in your countenance. It is expressly forbidden in the tenth commandment."

Jack Raymond resumes his place at the other's right hand.

"I say, George, where did you find her? Who is she?"

"My wife."

"Obviously; but I don't understand. When I went to Europe, two years ago, I left you lying in an attitude of prostrate adoration at the feet of the imperial Judith Delmar, belle of the Avenue and queen at Saratoga, with every prospect of an immediate wedding—"

"My dear fellow, I got up."

"And now I come back and find you married to an—an angel. How on earth did it happen? Who was she?"

Jack's enthusiasm is checked by a warning glance from his host. He looks up, and his eyes meet the sable countenance of the ancient servitor of the Vanderburgh family, and discover there an eager curiosity that even exceeds his own. Poor Jacob! He has lived with the family, man and boy, for nearly eighty years; his reverence for the Knickerbocker blood is as strong as his faith in the New Testament, and now in his old age he is compelled to serve a mistress whose name he does not know. Now perhaps there is a chance that the secret may be disclosed.

Alas! no. George Vanderburgh quenches his African with a glance. "Jacob, attend to your business. Put the cigars on the table, and go."

"I beg your pardon, George," begins Mr. Raymond, as soon as they are alone.

"You need not, Jack. Mrs. George Vanderburgh is—Mrs. George Vanderburgh, and for the quidnuncs of society that is enough. But you, old friend, companion of my boyhood, and truest-hearted of men, shall hear the story if you like."

"Not unless you like."

"But I do." Then the cigars are lighted, and the two young men settle themselves comfortably in their chairs, the one to hear and the other to tell a story.

"Now, Jack, if you have an imagination, fancy how the bones of all my Dutch ancestors must shake when I announce that the last of their line has married a woman whose name was Smith."

"Smith!"

"Either that or none. Do you know any thing of New England, Jack?"

"Have heard of the place—a land of wooden nutmegs. There is a small settlement on the coast called Boston, where the people eat Greek roots instead of bread-and-butter, and where they manufacture a transcendental theology quite as remarkable in its way as the Calvinism it replaces."

"Exactly. But New Hampshire is the scene of my small love-story. It was at the foot of one of those glorious granite mountains I picked up my daisy, my Margaret, my pearl. You remember the summer when you sailed for Europe. The same week I received commands from the imperial Judith to follow her to Saratoga, or rather she insinuated that my presence there would give her pleasure. I took the hint and followed, and after the manner of other devotees before the altar of fashion we exchanged the monotonous weariness of fashionable life in New York for a second edition of the same thing at a watering-place. We danced and we rode and we walked. I was the imperial Judith's devoted cavalier. I had quite made up my mind to lay my hand and fortune at the lady's feet; and although I felt it would not do to encumber her with my heart, as she had never displayed the smallest interest in that part of my personalty, it nevertheless pleased my fancy to think of the queen-like grace with which she would preside over the hospitalities of the Vanderburgh mansion, and I concluded to be satisfied.

"But one morning as we were walking toward the springs, the fair hand of royal Judith lying on my arm, a sense of the importance of the step I was about to take began to oppress me. I felt a longing for a few weeks of perfect peace and quiet before I undertook the manifold responsibilities of a married man. Business became my excuse, and in the afternoon I fled toward the East, only a couple of hundred miles, and found myself in a little New England town lying at the base of a great peaceful-looking mountain. The landlord of the cozy little hotel, a small building all white paint and green blinds, received me very graciously; and I liked the old man immensely in spite of the fact that his hair stood on end when I asked him for a sherry-cobbler. I spent the night there, and in the morning the old gentleman offered me his horse and his fishing rods to help me pass away the time, and then suggested that perhaps I would like to visit the mills.

"By the end of the first day I had exhausted the horse and the fish, and bored myself pretty thoroughly, and on the next morning I determined to try the mills. Did you ever see a cotton mill, Jack, one of those enormous red brick structures reeking with steam and heat and dampness and horrible noises? I saw the proprietor, and he took me through the building. I looked at the great looms, the whizzing spindles, and all the ingenious machinery which man has devised to supply the necessity for clothing brought about by the transgression of Eve; but what most attracted my attention was the pale faces of the operatives standing about those terrible machines, the children, prematurely old and haggard, breathing that terrible dust and sweltering in that awful heat. Ah, Jack, New England has freed the slaves in the cotton fields; now let her look to the slaves in the cotton mills!

"I passed through the files of languid children and weary women on my way to the office, where the proprietor offered me a chair. As I sat down I saw in one corner of the room a small figure bending over a great pile of heavy business-like books. She turned her head as her employer spoke, and I saw another pale face—so pale, so gentle, with great violet eyes that seemed to ask every thing they rested upon, 'Why am I so unhappy?' The same eyes, Jack, my boy, that smiled at you so brightly over your dinner half an hour ago."

"Not a factory girl!"

"Not exactly: one of those girls you find so often in New England, thoroughly educated and lady-like, but impelled by necessity to work. She was employed as assistant book-keeper by the great firm of Watson & Co., that owned the mills. All at once, Jack, I became interested in cotton. I used to haunt that great shrieking Bedlam of a mill. I investigated all the processes the plant went through from the time it enters the mill in great fluffy bales till it goes out in smooth white muslin. I think the proprietors took me for a dry-goods clerk or a politician. I became so learned that I knew all the grades from paper cambric to sheeting, and I discoursed upon the tariff and the necessity of protecting American manufactures like a member of Congress. I even made researches into the art of book-keeping. And all, Jack, for the sake of a pale little factory girl with blue eyes—I, the last of the Vanderburghs! How I used to lean over that great gawky ink-stained desk and watch the small figure in the shabby alpaca frock! How I used to intercept the little girl on her way back and forth to the great mill, and watch her blush when her great blue eyes met mine!"

"Had you made up your mind to marry her?"

"God forgive me, I had not thought about it."

"You scoundrel!"

"Ask Pearlie if I am a scoundrel, Jack?"

"I have no doubt she worships you, you most unworthy wretch. She looks like just such a sweet, foolish little darling."

"Don't force me to call your attention to the tenth commandment again."

"Go on."

"I am ashamed to confess it, Jack, but for two hours in my life I was a villain—only two, though, and I am thirty-five years old: the proportion isn't so bad, is it? One morning it dawned upon me all at once the mischief I had been doing. And that very hour I told little Pearlie I was going away, and bade her good-by."

"What did she say?"

"Not a word; only put her little hand in mine for a moment, and turned back to her great ledger with a brave look, like the true New England girl she is. Then, Jack, I knew myself to be a scoundrel. But there was the imperial Judith waiting at Saratoga, worthy mate for the heir of all the Vanderburghs.

"At four that afternoon I jumped aboard the train bound westward. The mills were two miles below the station, and we must pass them on our way. My heart ached terribly when I thought of the sweet little girl I was leaving behind me, and I chose my seat in the car so that I could see the great building as we passed it, and perhaps catch a glimpse of her.

"As we neared it there seemed to be a great bustle and confusion—people running hither and thither, women screaming, and the clouds of steam and of smoke that usually floated around the building seemed increased a hundredfold. A curve in the road brought us full in front of the mills, and in a moment I saw that the largest of them, the one where my little Pearlie spent her weary days, was on fire. Dense clouds of smoke, mingled with tiny tongues of flame, were issuing from the windows, frightened operatives were rushing from the burning building, trampling each other under foot in their mad haste, and the whole scene was one of unutterable horror and dismay.

"The train was stopped. In a moment we were all on our way toward the burning mill, I among the first. Ah! Jack, think what I felt when I heard a terror-stricken group of men crying out, 'Where is Miss Smith? She is nowhere to be found! She was known to have been in the office when the alarm of fire was given, and had not been seen since. One prayer for safety from lips all too unaccustomed to such exercise, and I was in the midst of the burning building. Up the stairs I rushed like a madman, burst through the door of the office, and there, with her hands clasped and her head lying on the open page of her ledger, lay the girl I loved. In a moment I had my coat off, wrapped it over her head, and clasping her as closely as I could, lest those demoniac darting tongues of flame and falling cinders should touch her, I carried her down the burning, crackling staircase safe into the fresh air. What a cheer they gave us, Jack! Then there was a dull rumbling sound, a crash, and myriads of sparks went shooting up like stars into the smoke-clouded air. One of the walls had fallen.

"But I do not remember any thing further until I woke up and found myself in bed, with a little blue-eyed nurse bending over me with tender hands, one of which I kissed and captured and never lost sight of until I had decorated it with a wedding-ring. One day, Jack, when we were first engaged, I asked her why she made no attempt to get out of the mill when she heard the cry of 'Fire!' What do you suppose she told me? That I had gone away, and she thought it would be easier to die there in the fire than to live her life without me. Think of it, Jack. Just fancy the fair Judith allowing herself to be burned to death because her lover had left her! Ah, my little wife, my country daisy! I wish you could have seen her when I brought her home, so frightened at my magnificence, so overawed by the grim-visaged Dutchmen looking down from their perches on the drawing-room walls. I was obliged to re-assure her by telling her that if she persisted in being so frightened, I should have to dispose of my ancestors as Charles Surface did. Fancy the first settlers knocked down at auction, so much per head!"

"But the imperial Judith?"

"The fire had burned all recollection of her out of my head. The pride of the Knickerbockers had also disappeared in the flames, and when I learned my little Pearlie's sad and simple history I think I loved her all the better for her humble, nameless birth. Her mother was a farmer's daughter, who married a strolling vagabond by the name of Smith. She afterward had reason to think the name was assumed, but she clung to him faithfully until he was found drowned under the mill one day; and then she died herself in giving birth to Pearlie, or Margaret, as they called her. Judith, friend Jack, still retains her maiden estate, though she replaced me in two weeks by a French count. Now if you are looking out for a wife—"

"Don't, my boy. Are there no more burning mills in New England? Those blue eyes haunt me. I want to see them again."

"I don't know whether I'll let you."

"Hark! isn't that a baby's cry?"

"Of course it is; a bouncing youngster, the honor of whose paternity I claim."

"Let's go and take a look at him."

"All right. I don't mind your admiring the child."

Arm in arm they go up stairs, where a little woman who is not a Knickerbocker kneels in maternal adoration before the cradle of a young tyrant who is.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

OCTOBER.

Sunday,	24.	—Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday,	28.	—SS. Simon and Jude.
Sunday,	31.	—Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.

NOVEMBER.

Monday,	1.	—All-Saints.
Sunday,	7.	—Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	14.	—Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	21.	—Twenty-sixth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	28.	—First Sunday in Advent.
Tuesday,	30.	—St. Andrew.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey have determined not to come immediately to New York, though it was erroneously reported that they would begin preaching in Gilmore's Concert Garden. They require as a condition of their visit to any place an invitation from the evangelical pastors, without whose co-operation they hesitate to proceed. The Baptist ministers of New York, at their meeting October 4, discussed the "Place of Evangelists in the New Testament Economy." One or two speakers expressed the opinion that too much was expected of evangelists, and that the real work of the ministry must be done by the pastors. Mr. Moody has thus far confined his preaching to New England; October 3 was spent in Brattleborough, Vermont. The people flocked to hear him from all the country round. The evangelists have finally decided to begin, Sunday, October 31, at the Rink, in Brooklyn. This building will seat from 7000 to 8000 persons. The services will be held on Sundays at 8 A.M. and 4 P.M., so as not to interfere with worship in the churches. Early morning prayer-meetings will be held in Dr. Talmage's church, and preaching services at the Rink every night of each week except Saturday.

The motion in the Guibord case for a rule of court to show cause why a fine should not be imposed on the authorities in charge of the Catholic cemetery for resisting the execution of the decree of the Queen's Privy Council was dismissed. The ground taken by the judge was that the fact of resistance by the Catholic authorities was not fully proved. At a meeting of the Institut Canadien it was determined to proceed with the interment on Friday, October 8, or on Saturday, the 9th. Military aid was called for.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions held its annual meeting this year in Chicago, beginning October 5. This body is now wholly Congregational, the Presbyterian members, since the reunion, co-operating with the board of their own Church. About fifteen hundred corporate and honorary members were in attendance. The financial report was not encouraging, the treasury being over $40,000 in debt. A proposition was made to assess the churches, but it was not received with favor. The work of the board in the foreign field has not, however, been contracted during the year.

The Universalists of New York and Brooklyn have determined to hold revival services, beginning October 24 in the "Church of Our Father," Brooklyn. Then will follow in the succeeding weeks services in seven churches, the last in the Church of the Divine Paternity (Dr. Chapin's).

Don Carlos, the pretender to the throne of Spain, has promulgated the penal code which is to "be provisionally enforced under the present circumstances of war." It will be adopted by all the judicial tribunals in the part of Spain which is under his control. What this son of the Church intends as to religious liberty will appear from the following clauses:

> No. 124. "Any attempt to abolish or change the Roman Catholic apostolic religion in Spain shall be punished by temporary imprisonment and perpetual banishment, if the criminal be in public authority and be guilty of the crime of abusing it. If, however, the criminal be in other circumstances, the penalty shall be commuted to long imprisonment, and in case of repetition, temporary imprisonment and perpetual banishment."
>
> No. 125. "Any person celebrating public worship, not of the Roman Catholic apostolic religion, shall be punished by temporary banishment."
>
> No. 132. "A Spaniard publicly abjuring the Roman Catholic religion shall be punished by perpetual banishment, this punishment to cease from the moment he returns to the pale of the Church."

This is now the law in a part of Spain.

Another tombstone case has made its appearance—this time in Scotland. A Scotch worthy, the Rev. Thomas Gillespie, is to be commemorated by a tablet in the Abbey Church of Dunfermline. The inscription prepared says that he was "deposed" from the ministry of the Established Church; the Commissioner of the Board of Works refuses to admit the tablet unless it states that Mr. Gillespie "seceded" from the Establishment. The refusal has created no little excitement in the north of Scotland. The local Presbytery, which has undertaken to provide the memorial, stands out for "deposed," the Board of Works insists on "seceded," each maintaining its ground with true Scotch tenacity.

The assassination of Gabriel Garcia Moreno, the President of the republic of Ecuador, terminates the career of a devoted servant of the Church. He dedicated one-tenth of the revenues of the state to the support of the Pope, suppressed dissent, established a rigorous censorship of the press, and made Ecuador a model Jesuit republic.

The Rev. Newman Hall, whose health had been reported to be seriously impaired, has published a letter in which he says that he is suffering from some failure of voice, but that his general health was never better. He is still in need of £5000 to pay for the completion of his new church.

The Bishop of Breslau, Dr. Forster, has been deposed by the Ecclesiastical Court of Berlin.

The ultramontane Deputies are doing their utmost in the Bavarian Chamber of Deputies with their majority of two. They have issued an address calling for the dismissal by the King of his present ministry.

The American Bible Revision Committee has held its first meeting for this season in the Bible House. The New Testament section is now occupied with the revision of the book of the Acts. The relations between the English and American companies have been settled to the entire satisfaction of both.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Pennsylvania, at its eighth Annual Convention, held in Altoona, took strong ground against pleasure excursions on Sunday. It declared in its resolution "that it is our duty, as the representatives of over one hundred Christian Associations of this State, to utter our solemn protest against all Sabbath excursions for pleasure, and that our Executive Committee be requested to make an appeal to those in charge of our coming Centennial Exhibition to bring all the influence they can control to bear upon them in order that the said Exhibition shall be closed on the Sabbath."

Dr. Samuel Hanson Cox, so long known as one of Brooklyn's great preachers, is still in good bodily health, though his mental faculties have been much impaired by a stroke of paralysis. An exchange tells of him the following story, which shows the strength of the ruling passion. The stroke of paralysis "brought to his bedside one of his old Brooklyn elders, Mr. Lowell Holbrook, an older man than himself, but well-preserved in faculties by prolonged activity of life. Though dead to the most intimate private relations of his past, the pastor and preacher proved to have survived the man. Dr. Cox recognized his veteran yoke-fellow by his voice as he approached the apartment; and when he stood by the bedside and began to repeat some of the inspiring sentences of the eighth chapter of Romans, 'the old man eloquent,' as he has often been called, at once took up the train of thought and exposition where he had laid it down long ago, and went on expounding his favorite apostle as he was wont to do in the old church."

As touching upon the restoration of amity between the North and the South, the recent correspondence of the Rev. Dr. Nelson, of the Northern Presbyterian Church, and the Rev. Dr. Palmer, Southern Presbyterian, will be read with great satisfaction. Dr. Nelson, in his closing letter, says: "Whatever in the language of the testimonies or in any acts or deliverances of our General Assemblies is or seems to you inconsistent with sincere respect for your conscientious convictions opposite to our own, and inconsistent with our avowed confidence in your integrity and Christian character, is to be regretted, and should, in any meaning, be disapproved." Dr. Palmer regards this language as more satisfactory than that of the Cleveland Assembly's resolutions. He expresses, in conclusion, the hope that "God may *take our whole country* under His gracious care, and fill it with His presence and glory."

Dr. Henry M. Field writes to the *Evangelist* from Oberammergau his impressions of the Passion-Play, which he saw performed by the peasants of that village during the month of August. The regular time for this dramatic performance is the year 1880; but the King of Bavaria having presented the villagers with three crosses to be erected on a hill overlooking Oberammergau, it was decided to have an intermediate representation in honor of the royal gift. The play, known by the name of *The School of the Cross*, consists of a series of tableaux which are descriptive of events chronicled in both Old and New Testament history. A chorus, after the manner of the Greek tragedy, appears on the stage between the acts, and explains, in a chant or recitative, what may be expected. Ancient costumes are carefully copied. The Last Supper follows closely Leonardo da Vinci's picture. In the Crucifixion thirty or forty persons are introduced; the Christus in this scene has made his part the study of long years, and has trained himself to an endurance of a painful attitude which must severely tax all his resources of strength. As to the effect of the representation, Dr. Field says: "Twenty-four hours before, I could not have believed that I could look upon it without a feeling of horror; but so skillfully had the points of the sacred drama been revealed thus far that my feelings had been wound up to the highest pitch, and when the curtain rose on that last tremendous scene I was quite overcome; I felt, as never before, how solemn and how awful was the tragedy of the death of the Son of God. So excited were we, and, to appearance, all in the building, that it was a relief when the curtain fell."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The origin of many fires is justly attributed to spontaneous combustion by those who have carefully investigated the general subject. Many instances have recently been made public which indicate plainly in what way many "mysterious" conflagrations may have originated. Not long ago a fire occurred at Marshall, Michigan, in a store where drugs, medicines, paints, oils, etc., were kept in large quantities. It chanced that it was extinguished, so that investigation into the causes of it was possible. And it was evident that it originated in a box of shavings that had been saturated with linseed-oil, turpentine, and the leakage of barrels. The character of the combustion was such that there seemed no reason to doubt the exciting cause. Rags used to oil machinery are a fruitful cause of fires; when left in a heap, the interior will often become charred, and perhaps, after a while, will begin to smoke, and a slight current of air will fan it into a blaze. It is well known that fire will often originate in large quantities of bituminous coal if it is wet. Many kinds of dress goods are now charged with different substances to increase their weight, and some of these substances are exceedingly inflammable, and make the goods liable to spontaneous combustion. A few years ago a large fire occurred in a warehouse in this city. At first the fire seemed very mysterious, and the general impression was that it must be the work of an incendiary. But a careful investigation proved it to be a case of spontaneous combustion, originating in a case of silk twist tightly packed, with two layers of thick paper and one layer of oilcloth between the case and the goods, thus entirely excluding the air. The goods had evidently been packed while damp, and the intense heat of the weather made the conditions favorable for combustion. Those who were skeptical in regard to this origin of the fire were entirely convinced when a fire broke out a second time, which was traced directly to another case of silk twist. Many kinds of goods when closely packed are exposed to spontaneous combustion. Special care may well be taken in warehouses, factories, and in all places where the heat developed by some slow process of oxidation is confined and compressed. In such cases a temperature may be reached which renders spontaneous combustion possible.

Speed combined with safety in ocean travel is a triumph over time, space, and the elements of nature. Such a triumph was the late passage of the *City of Berlin* from Queenstown to New York in seven days, eighteen hours, and two minutes—the swiftest trip between the Old and New World ever yet recorded. Conquering extraordinary difficulties in mid-ocean by skill, ingenuity, and perseverance is no less a triumphant achievement. And such an achievement was the repairing the boken shaft of the steam-ship *Ethiopia*—a nine days' work at sea—and bringing her safely into port, with all her passengers.

The new London Opera-house will be, when finished, the largest in Europe except the San Carlo, of Naples. It will cover two or three acres of ground.

The famous trotting mare, American Girl, fell dead on the race-course of the Elmira Driving Park, in Elmira, New York, on October 2. She seemed to be in good condition at the beginning of the race, and was well ahead, when her driver noticed that she seemed to falter. Suddenly she fell, and died instantly. American Girl was owned by William Lovell, of New York, was thirteen years old, and was valued at $25,000, which sum had been recently offered for her.

At the time of the wreck of the *Metis* in Long Island Sound, on August 31, 1872, thirty-two persons were rescued by those who manned the life and fishing boats. By act of Congress an appropriation was made to award medals to the rescuers. They have recently been struck at the Philadelphia Mint. They are of pure gold, about two inches in diameter, the intrinsic value of each being $140. The obverse represents the scene of the disaster, off Watch Hill Light, and upon the reverse is the name of the person to whom presented, etc. Each medal is inclosed in a neat case, opening so as to show either side.

A circular issued by the Bureau of Transportation of the Centennial Commission announces that the general reception of articles at the Exhibition Building will commence on January 5 and close on April 19, 1876. In boxing goods for the Exposition, screws should be used instead of nails. Each package must be marked, "To the Director-General International Exhibition of 1876, at Philadelphia," and should give on two adjoining sides the following information: name of the exhibitor; side at which the articles are to be unloaded; specific location allotted to the exhibitor; weight of the package; total weight of packages sent by the exhibitor; and the serial number of the particular package. Unless this information is on the package it will be withheld from delivery, at the expense of the exhibitor. All charges for freights, transfers, terminal expenses, etc., must be prepaid, or assumed by the transportation company delivering the goods. The circular mentions in detail what the terminal charges will be.

At the American Institute Fair is a rare and curious work of art—a carving of ivory, about sixteen inches in length, representing Christ after the crucifixion. It was executed in Florence in 1551, and bears the inscription,

MI AG FIO,
1551,

and is reputed to be the work of Michael Angelo. It is no doubt by some great master.

The aquatic heroine of London is Miss Emily Parker, who recently swam from London Bridge to Blackwall Pier, a distance of seven miles, in one hour thirty-seven and a half minutes. Miss Parker, under the training of her brother, a professional swimmer, has become a proficient in the art. On the afternoon of "the swim" thousands of spectators had assembled on the banks of the river, and amidst much cheering the young swimmer quietly plunged into the Thames from the boat which contained her brother and her pilot. A boat rowed by some of the river police kept the way clear from obstructions by the small craft that crowded around. The lady swam with ease and vigor, and when at the end of her trip she was taken on board the steamer which had accompanied her, she was in a most vivacious mood. After retiring a few moments, she re-appeared on deck, and a subscription was raised for the purpose of presenting her with a gold medal.

A bold gentleman named George Fullard advertises in a London paper that he has the ability to "defeat Captain Webb" in swimming across the Channel. It is thought that if Captain Webb is defeated, the population of the British Isles will be diminished by one.

Some of the English papers take a grim satisfaction in regarding the loss of the *Vanguard* in the light of a successful "experiment," illustrating the peculiar perils of iron ships and the use of the ram. They think the *Iron Duke* made just such a chasm in the side of its companion ship as it was constructed to make in the side of an enemy.

A good story is told of a lawyer in Lancaster, New Hampshire, who was seen at the railroad station one evening with carpet-bag in hand and overcoat on his arm, apparently waiting for the up train. A brother lawyer seeing him, accosted him thus:

"Going north, Mr. F——?"

"No, Sir."

"What, then, have you got your carpet-bag and overcoat for?"

"Because if there is any one thing in the world I abhor more than another, it is to see a man standing about the station without any apparent business."

England is actually shivering at the thought that her stock of fuel will last only a hundred and fifty years longer. In 1863 a calculation was made by some mathematicians who felt alarmed at the limited amount of coal in English mines, and it is now stated that the country consumes a hundred million tons of coal a year beyond the estimate then made.

There is now an additional delivery of letters in New York city, north of Fourteenth Street, at half past seven in the evening.

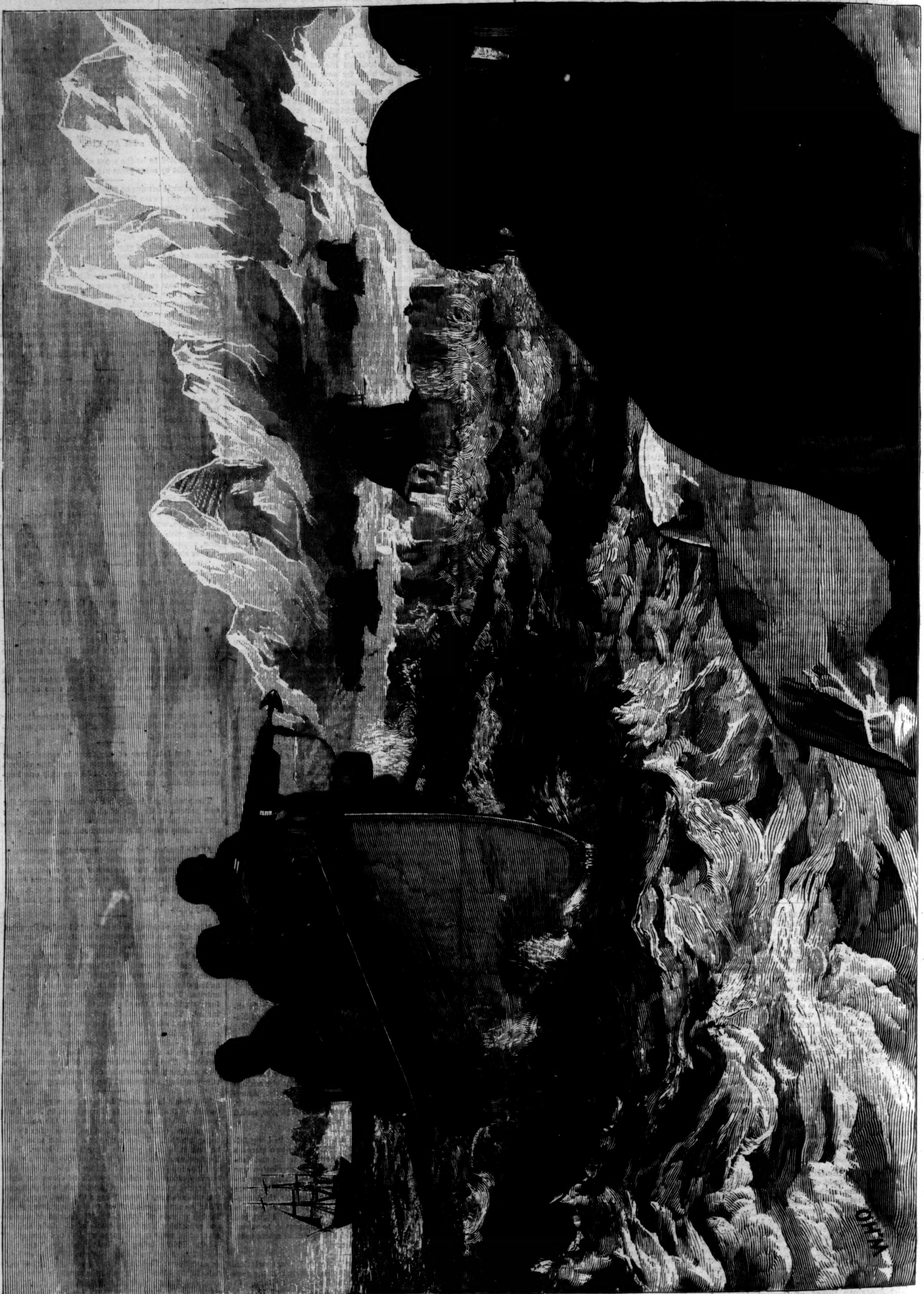
The first fatal case of hay fever is reported from New Hampshire, and, strangely enough, the victim's name was Mrs. Betsy Straw. She was only one hundred and one years old.

The postal-card factory is now making cards of the new pattern at the rate of about 600,000 a day. The new card has a finer, firmer surface than the old one, and in many respects will better suit the public.

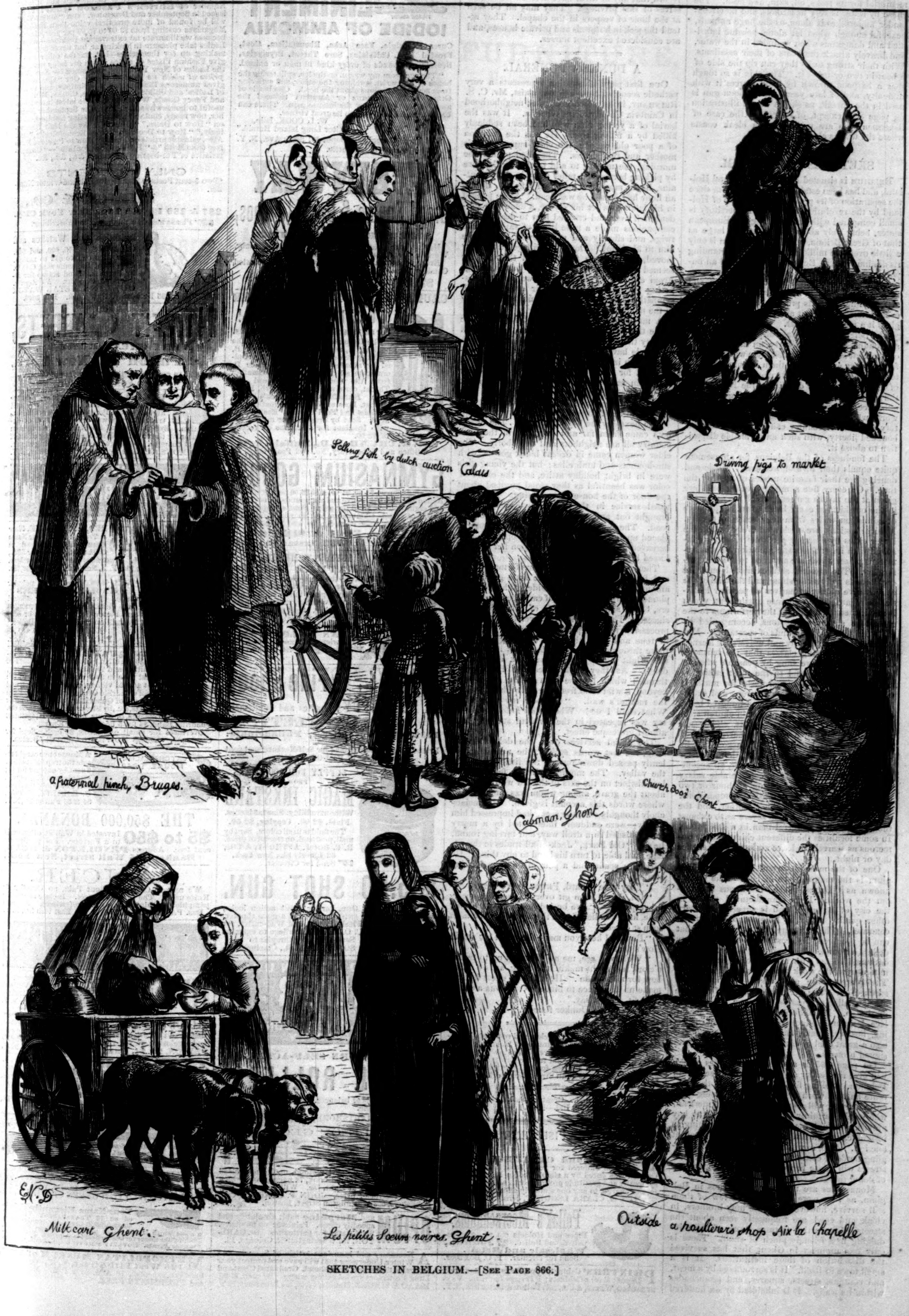
At the London dog-show this year there were several dogs valued at from $5000 to $10,000. One mastiff, two greyhounds, and one setter were considered as worth $25,000 each; while three dogs of rare breed were valued by their owners at $50,000 apiece. Of course most of these animals were not really for sale at any price.

Miniature yachting, both at Central and at Prospect parks, has been very attractive sport during the past season. The interest has increased with every regatta. On the first Saturday afternoon of October an enthusiastic crowd gathered at the lake near Seventy-second Street and Fifth Avenue, Central Park, to witness the sailing of the miniature yachts. There were forty-one entries. The longest of these yachts was the *Phantom*, forty-six inches; the shortest, the *Unknown*, eighteen inches. They were all divided into three classes, according to their length, and the contest for prizes was carried on in a spirited manner. Two prizes were bestowed in each class. The closing regatta of the present season is announced to take place on the 23d of October. The prizes will consist of three thirty-one-inch steamers, three copies of a new book on miniature yachting, a champion flag, and other prizes.

Whether it is the exact truth we know not, but it is estimated that the daily food consumed in New York costs $1,500,000, and this includes only the solid articles of food, milk, sugar, coffee, tea, and similar things being omitted. There are over a million mouths to be fed, it is true, yet the figures seem large. New Yorkers consume between 5000 and 8000 hams a week, and 1500 tons of poultry of various kinds. About 3000 bushels of oysters and 500 bushels of clams are daily consumed, and not far from 14,000 bushels of potatoes. On the average, 1,000,000 eggs are used every day. Then we are supposed to eat 10,000 frogs every week, 325,000 pounds of butter, 800,000 pounds of cheese, and something like 60,000 cattle of all kinds, and the amount of venison and game we will not attempt to detail. Friday being the best "fish day," the consumption of fish on a Friday is given by one authority as follows: Haddock, 200,000 pounds; 30,000 codfish, 15,000 blue-fish, 2000 striped bass, 20,000 fresh mackerel, 100,000 halibut, 2000 Spanish mackerel, 9500 refrigerated salmon, 25,000 miscellaneous fish, such as butter-fish and weak-fish, 100,000 pounds of lobsters, 200 gallons of scallops, 200 dozen soft crabs, 1000 pounds of green turtle for soups and steaks.



WALRUS-SHOOTING WITH THE HARPOON-GUN.—[See Page 866.]


Selling fish by dutch auction Calais
Driving pigs to market
a fraternal pinch, Bruges.
Cabman, Ghent
Church door Ghent
E.N.D.
Milk cart Ghent.
Les petites Soeurs noires, Ghent.
Outside a poulterer's shop Aix la Chapelle

SKETCHES IN BELGIUM.—[See Page 866.]

WALRUS-SHOOTING.

THE walrus has been hunted from time immemorial for its tusks, oil, skin, and flesh. The chase by water is very hazardous, and no Greenlander undertakes it alone, as the huge animals, peaceful enough when let alone, become infuriated and dangerous when wounded in the water, and bravely attack the boats of their assailants. With their strong tusks they can rip the side of a boat in two or upset it. The skin is so tough that a harpoon thrown by hand pierces it with difficulty, and of late years the harpoon-gun is used in the pursuit, as shown in the illustration on page 864, except, of course, in the case of fishermen who are native to the bleak coasts where the walrus abounds.

SKETCHES IN BELGIUM.

BELGIUM is situated between France and Holland, and has been established as a kingdom since the separation of its provinces from those of Holland by the revolution of 1830. Its territory is small compared with that of the great European states, being only about one-eighth as large as that of Great Britain, while its population is only a little over five millions. But notwithstanding its diminutive size, Belgium has occupied an important position in the political, military, commercial, and agricultural history of Europe, and its former celebrity in manufactures and the fine arts, together with its present rapid progress in every industrial pursuit and social improvement, gives it a peculiar interest.

The Belgians have always displayed a passionate fondness for social liberty, an impatience of control that always embroiled them with their different rulers, and involved them in ruinous disasters during many successive centuries. Writers of all ages agree in describing the Belgians as the most restless, unruly, tumult-loving people in existence, always treating their best rulers the worst, while the bad overawed them. In the history of no other country can be found such unbounded liberty, with such an invincible disposition to abuse it.

The fondness of the Belgians for amusement quite equals their love of freedom. Music and dancing are their favorite modes of passing the time. On every fine summer evening balls are given at the tavern gardens, which are numerous in the outskirts of every large town. The price of admission varies from four cents to twenty. Musical festivals are celebrated every year in the larger cities by amateur performers, who are inspired with an enthusiastic ambition to win numerous prizes which are awarded to the best performers. The musical skill exhibited on these occasions is truly astonishing, and the trial of the comparative ability of natives of peculiar localities is regarded with intense excitement, which is manifested by marching the performers to the contest in stately processions, accompanied by party banners and thousands of spectators. Music, in fact, is so carefully and universally learned even by the laboring classes that the harmony of the airs which are sung by peasants when at work is often delightful to the most cultivated musical ear. The national taste for music is strongly manifested in the numerous and singularly excellent chimes of fifty or a hundred bells, called carillons, which are placed in church steeples and towers of the town-halls. They are played by means of a revolving barrel, worked by machinery, and sometimes, in large cities, by keys similar to those of an organ, though of far greater dimensions. The performer, an accomplished musician, is paid a considerable salary for amusing the citizens during an hour or two each day with the finest musical compositions. His hands are cased in thick leather, and the physical force required is so severe as to exhaust the strength of a powerful man in a short time. In some localities the different chimes are so numerous as scarcely to leave an interval of silence day or night.

One of the most important industries of Belgium is the manufacture of lace. The variety known as "Brussels lace" is famous throughout the world. It is manufactured chiefly in the city of Brussels, and is superior to every other quality made in Belgium or in foreign countries. The flax employed is the finest that can be procured, and costs from sixty to eighty dollars a pound. The spinning is performed in darkened rooms with a beam of light only admitted upon the work through a small aperture. The patterns are all worked separately and stitched on. The peculiar qualities of this lace are its delicate firmness, elegance, and variety of design. In addition to the manufacture of lace, Belgium produces large quantities of carpeting, hosiery, linens, and printed cotton goods, also a great deal of cut glass and exquisitely designed bronzes.

On page 865 is a series of sketches which will give the reader an idea of daily street life in Belgium. Selling fish by auction, and the elaborate harness worn by the pigs when being driven to market, will seem peculiar to an American, who would certainly never have patience to buy provision enough for his dinner if every thing as insignificant as a fish had to be hammered off at auction. Also, any one accustomed to the straggling herds of cattle that are driven through our streets will pause to wonder at the Belgian way of doing things.

Monasteries are no longer numerous in Belgium, as they were formerly. A few of them still survive, however, and the holy brothers, in cloak and cowl, are frequently seen about the streets. The artist pictures three of them indulging in a friendly pinch of snuff. There is only one nunnery in Ghent that has survived the dissolution of these institutions. It is a small town in itself. It is surrounded by a moat, and contains streets, squares, and promenades within its walls. It is inhabited by six hundred nuns, many of them of noble blood. They are bound by no particular vow, and may return to the world whenever they please; but there is no record that any of them have ever availed themselves of this privilege. They may all be seen at the hour of vespers in the chapel. They attend the sick in hospitals and private houses, and are considered excellent nurses.

A DUNKER FUNERAL.

OUR first-page illustration represents a very pathetic scene witnessed by our artist, Mr. C. S. REINHART, in an obscure Dunker neighborhood in Cambria County, Pennsylvania. It was the burial of a young man who had been suddenly killed by a falling tree. He was the only son of a poor old woman, the chief support of his mother and two sisters. They had parted one morning, the mother to add to their little store by picking berries ten miles away in the mountains, he to mow in a neighbor's field. Before an hour had passed he was dead. As he paused in his labor to whet his scythe, a dead tree suddenly fell over and crushed him to death. His companions made a rude litter of saplings and twigs, and silently and with bowed heads bore him to his home. Down the village street they moved, those rough farmers, and the very air seemed awed to stillness as they passed along. From every door and gate the women in whispering groups looked on, their eyes wet with sympathetic tears for the poor mother, far away in the mountains.

A messenger was at once sent for her. He broke the sad news rudely, for in the far back country the communications of the simple-minded people have all the abrupt sincerity that belongs to an inartificial life. A horse was loaned her, and for those long ten miles over a lonely mountain road she had no companionship but her own sad thoughts. On reaching the gate of her humble cottage she was so exhausted that she had to be lifted from the horse.

The next day the boy was buried. The neighbors came from far and near, for in the back country all are neighbors and neighborly. The elder women came in decent black gowns, with sun-bonnets and umbrellas; but the young girls were in bright holiday attire, and the effect of color was beautiful as they stood grouped about the door of the house of mourning. After the usual service in the house, two chairs were brought out and placed in the middle of the road. The simple coffin was then borne out and placed upon them, and the lid was opened. The bereaved mother threw herself upon her boy and kissed him for the last time.

Then two by two the neighbors formed in line and followed the body to the little grave-yard among the trees upon a hill-side. There was no plumed hearse, no display of carriages or of flowers, but a simple eloquence of grief, deep and sincere. Through a sweet clover field the little procession passed up the hill, against a sky low in tone and gray, the light breaking here and there through the sombre clouds, as if to typify the bright world beyond the dark curtain of death. As they approached the little wood through which lay the path to the grave-yard beyond, a wild echo from the hill rudely mocked the mother's wail. "O God! my poor boy! What shall I do! What shall I do!" Every cry was repeated in the air with startling and almost grotesque effect.

The burial services over, the doleful hymn sung, the last words spoken, the neighbors silently passed down toward the little church in the valley. The mother's shrieks fell less and less distinct on the ears of the few who remained about the grave, among whom was our artist, in whose words this account is given. His melancholy thoughts—for the scene had impressed him deeply—were suddenly interrupted by a merry tune whistled in a droll way, and turning round, he saw "Old PETE," Jack-of-all-trades in the village, and able to turn his hand to any thing. He carried a spade and a pair of ominous-looking straps.

"They take it hard, PETER, don't they?"

"Oh, they'll soon git over it," was the cheerful response. "I've buried heaps on 'em in my time, an' I've allers found them's hollers the most soon'st cured."

"PETER, I hear you made the coffin too small. How's that?"

"Well, you see, me an' TOM sot up to twelve o'clock last night makin' the thing, an' we didn't 'low for no swellin'. He! he! I guess it don't make no difference to him *now*. 'Twas a pretty tight fit, I must say."

So ended the Dunker funeral.

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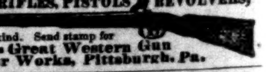

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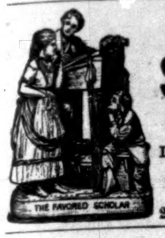

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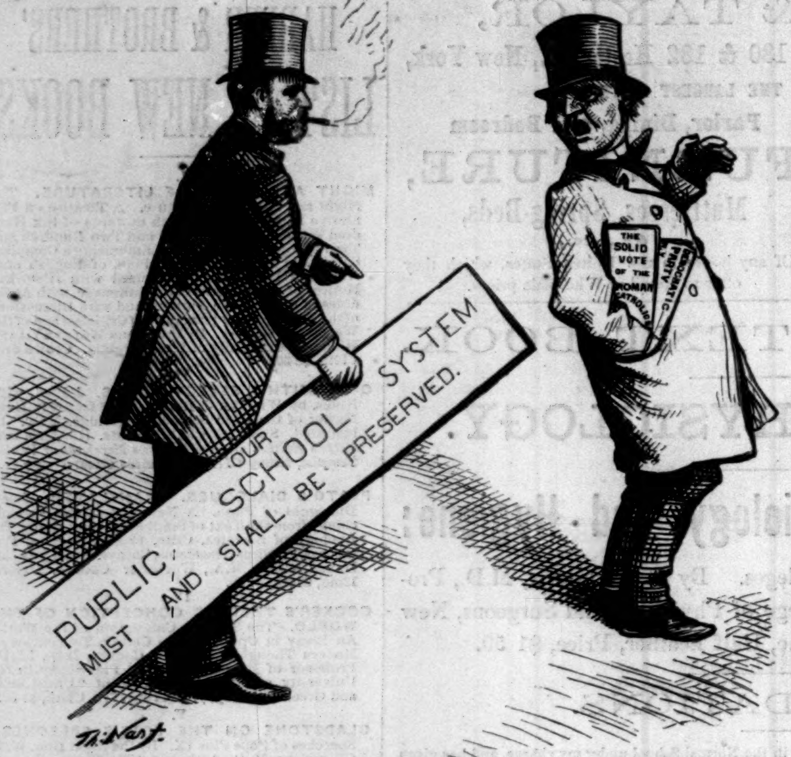
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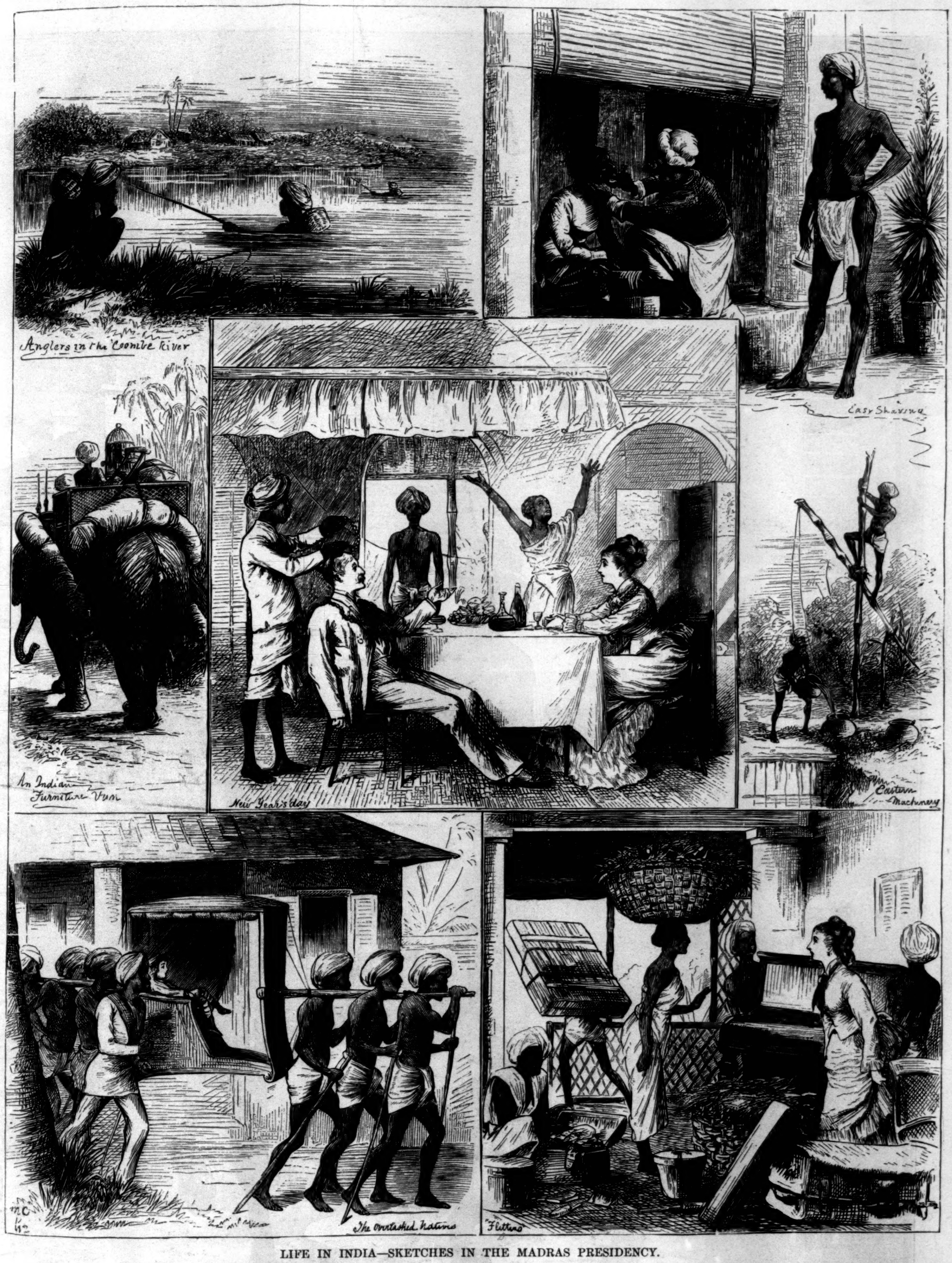


LIFE IN INDIA—SKETCHES IN THE MADRAS PRESIDENCY.

LIFE IN INDIA.

As long as novelty lasts, India is charming, the natives have such pretty, tasteful ideas and customs! On New-Year's Day not only the servants—and their name is legion—but outsiders, arrive early with garlands of flowers, which they gracefully and smilingly hang round the unwilling necks of their employers. The butler or head boy offers gilded limes, and probably a vase about a foot high, in the shape of a pine-apple, made of white sugar. The humble-minded punka coolies, in this case, contented themselves by kneeling in the doorway, smiling, looking upward, and crossing themselves, being Roman Catholics. The ayah, also of the same persuasion, raised her arms theatrically and invoked blessings on the heads of her "dear master and mistress this happy New-Year's Kissmas Day."

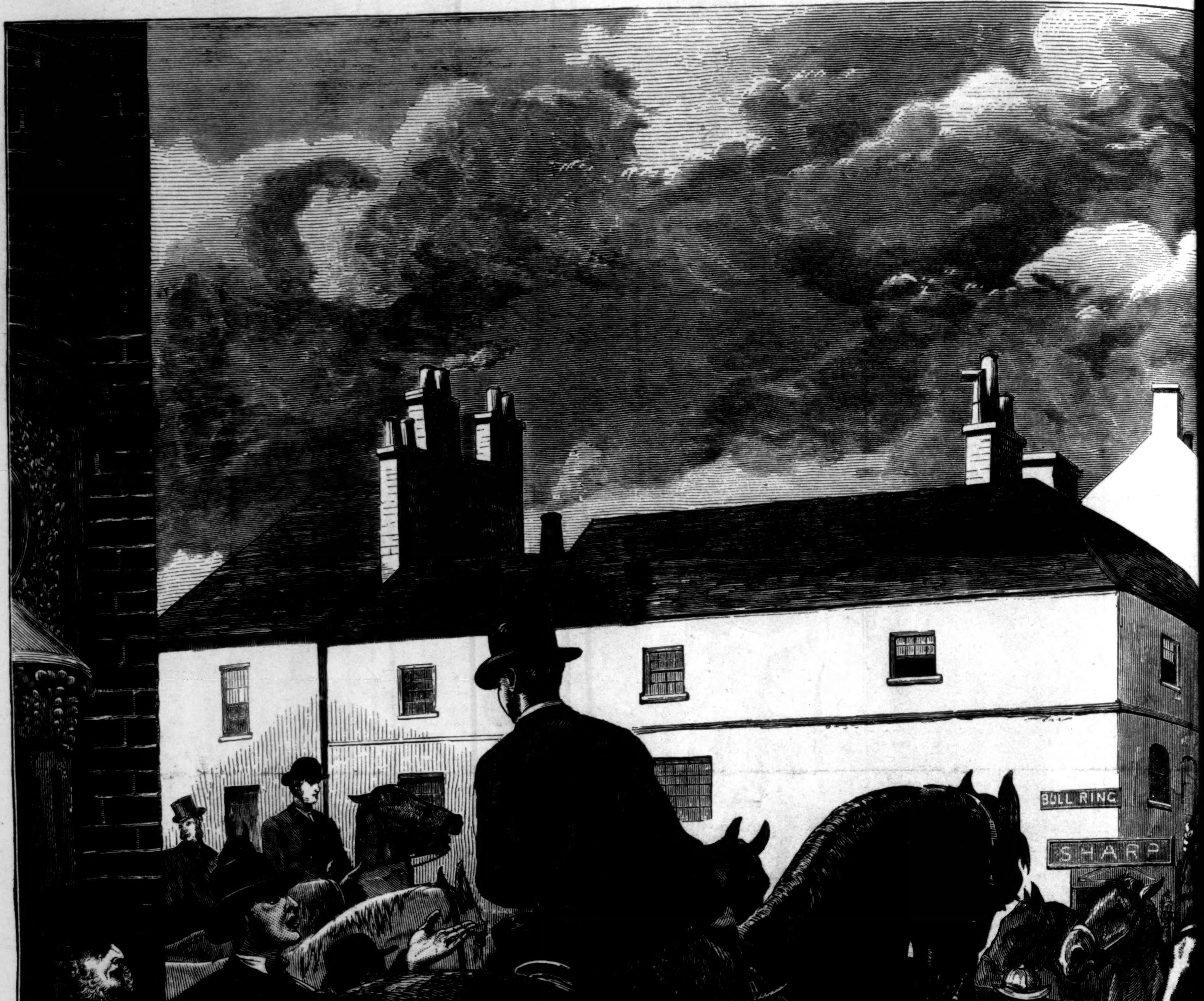
Moving in India is another novelty. A detachment of coolies of both sexes and all ages seize and carry off all our possessions in the course of two or three hours, not a thing being lost or broken. The women packed glass, china, and ornaments in large baskets, which they poised on their heads. The ayah's grandsons worked away like busy little gnomes, showing their white teeth, and proudly running off each with a large volume on his head.

The first impressions of an Indian garden gained in the early mornings are delightful, simply because all is new and foreign; bright-eyed squirrels and lizards dart and peep from behind strange plants, and curious insects abound. The sound of the men drawing water, singing monotonously over their work, harmonizes with the hum of insects. The apparatus employed is worthy the native intellect, too languid to devise intricate engineering when simple means will do.

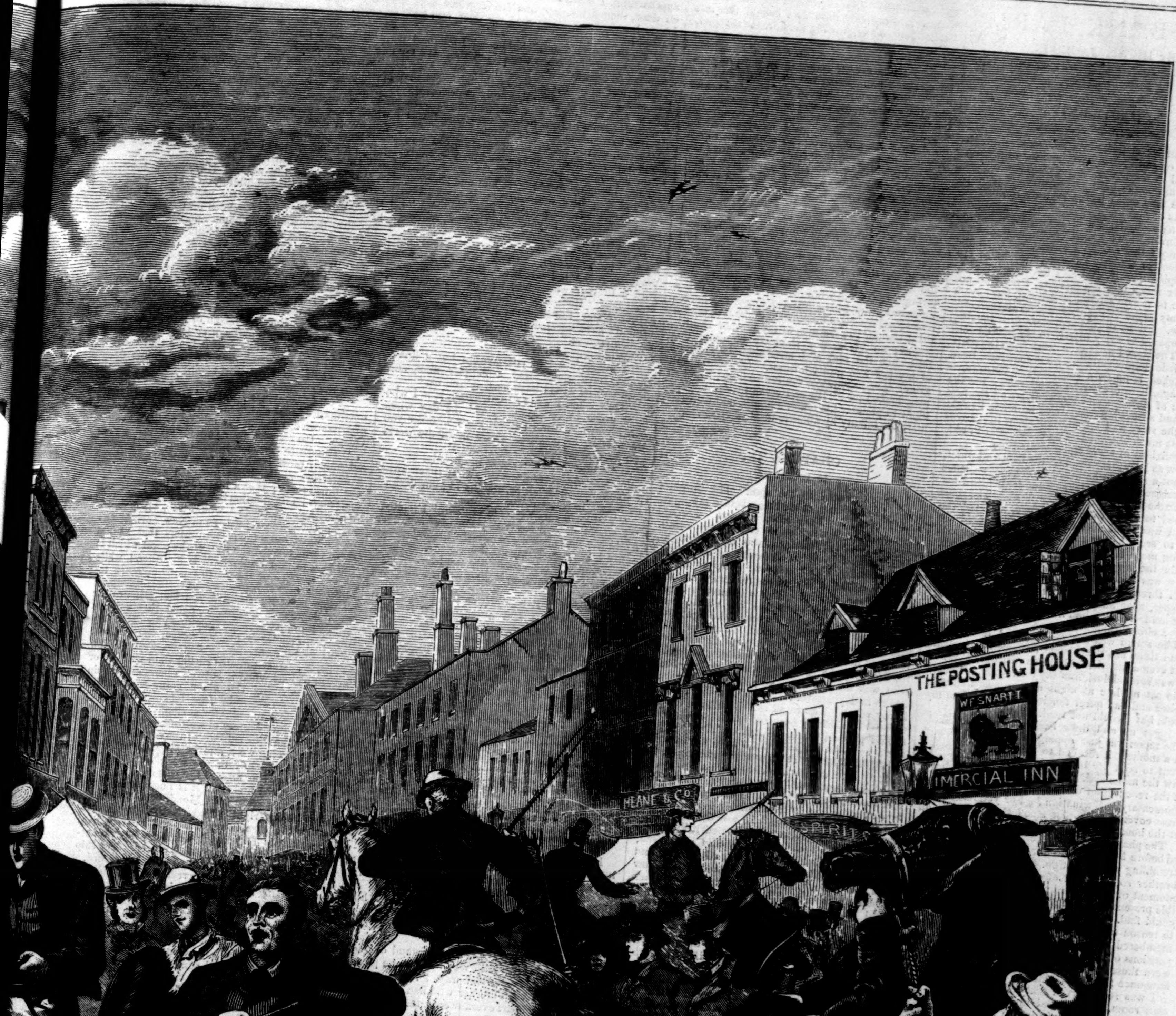
The "silvery Coombe," satirically so called, one might think, from its frequent resemblance to mud, seems to be a cool retreat and harbor of refuge to the native angler; at all events, he dodges the mosquitoes to a certain extent, and excites the envy of the parched pedestrian.

The native, unlike the Briton, succumbs a willing victim to inertness, and is too languid even to shave himself, or to care what his fate may be in the hands of a talkative barber. Nor is his apathy disturbed when curious passers-by stop to gaze at the process.

An amiable trait in native servants is their affectionate devotion to English children, the result being rather too often the *enfant terrible* who lands in England prepared to carry all before him. The domineering tyrant has, perhaps, some excuse, having been accustomed to abject respect and spoiling from a whole retinue of subjects proud to wait on the young sahib. Two or three attend him in his rides, or if he lives up-country, and takes a fancy to pay a call in the heat of the day on another small despot, a palanquin and six bearers, and one or two peons as escort, await his pleasure.


BULL RING
SHARP

A HORSE FAIR A CASTL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